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. F. Buckley Jr. on
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—see page 585

NATIONAL REVIEW

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Revisiting Brideshead

JEFFREY HART

Also in this issue: **Stephen J. Tonsor, Revisiting Conservatism**

Ruth Berenson ♦ Arnold Beichman ♦ Terry Teachout
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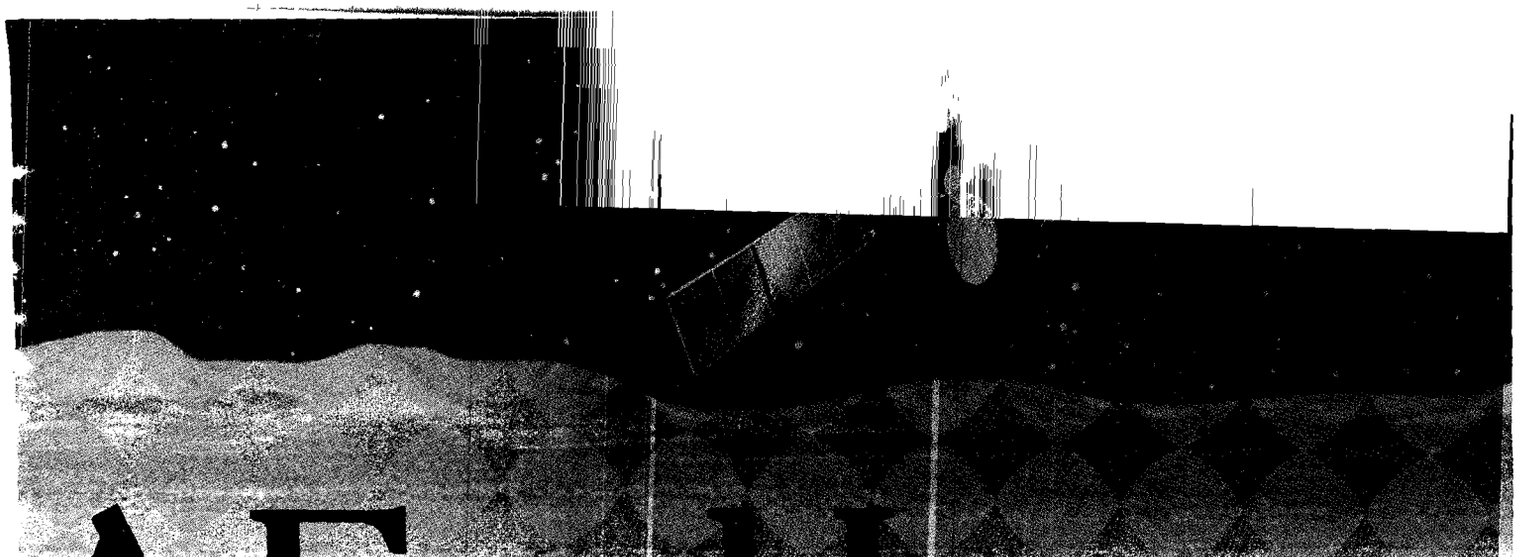

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MAY 14, 1982
VOL. XXXIV, NO. 9
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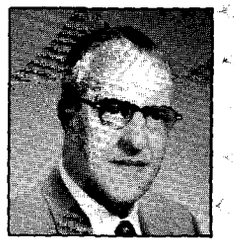
COXE
Page 536

HART
Page 540

TONSOR
Page 543

KOBRYN
Page 552

HANNAH
Page 556



SIMMONS
Page 560

Articles & Columns

536 Beyond the Constitution
Canada's new Constitution marks not an end, but a beginning. Of turmoil, that is. *Donald Coxe*

538 Diplomacy, Shuttle & Straight
Lord Carrington has resigned, amid many warm tributes to his diplomatic skills. But consider the record. *Brian Crozier*

540 Brideshead Indeed Revisited
Evelyn Waugh loved and eulogized this world in his pivotal novel; especially he loved its ancient things. But he knew that even they are destined to pass, and *Brideshead* is the vindication of the eternal over the merely ancient. So much for Waugh's famous "snobbery"; what some have taken for his *summum bonum* he recognized as only a vanity. *Jeffrey Hart*

543 The Foundation and the Academy
Between Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* and the election of Ronald Reagan, many fateful events occurred—many of them in the minds of a scattering of intellectuals who did their most important work outside the universities.
Stephen J. Tonsor

552 Off in the Ozone Again
Pacifica radio is waging an unrelenting campaign against the genocidal designs of Ronald Reagan.
A. P. Kobryn

556 The Night of the Ayatollahs
"Ayatollah Khomeini personally ordered me not to listen to anyone, *not even to himself*." With these words Ayatollah Khalkhali put himself in the great tradition of Mullah Nasr-ed-din. What! You never heard of Nasr-ed-din? *Norman B. Hannah*

560 A Woodland Fantasy
Environmentalism can be bad for Mother Nature. She has her own invisible hand. *Fred C. Simmons*

564 Will Syria Engage Israel?
Most likely—if Israel invades Lebanon, as is not unlikely. *John McLaughlin*

Books Arts & Manners

566 **Terry Teachout**, taking (partial) exception to some recent remarks here, recalls the other Ayn Rand—the first love of many young incipient conservatives. . . . **Arnold Beichman** welcomes a study of Left Bank *écrivains engagés*. . . . **M. E. Bradford** has mixed feelings about Oscar Handlin's chiding of his fellow liberals. . . . How did George Costakis manage to collect—and emigrate with—so much Russian art? **Ruth Berenson** tells all. . . . **Joseph Sobran** welcomes Christopher Buckley ashore. . . . **John Simon** has a feast with *Diner*, and finds hope for the British gangster movie in *The Long Good Friday*. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** savors the Alban Berg Quartet's recordings of Beethoven's "middle quartets." . . . **D. Keith Mano** listens to a prison guard, unenvyingly.

Letters 519
For the Record 524
The Week 526
Help! 554
Abroad 565
Dark Horses 576
A Word Edgewise 582
On the Right 584
Trans-O-Gram 586

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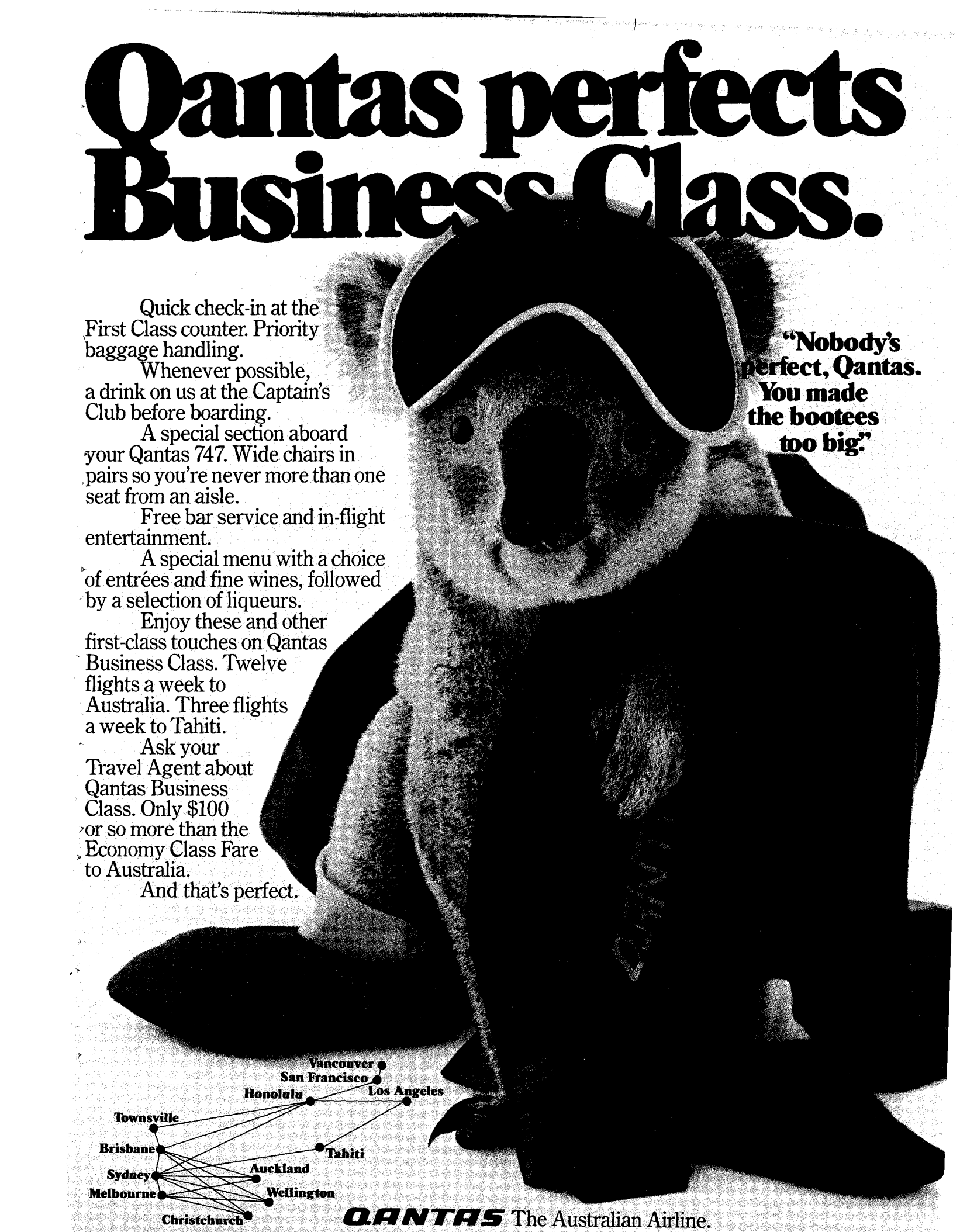

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Letters

New Soviet Man

I burned with shame for the impression our country gives of itself abroad as I read Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn on VOA and Radio Liberty ["The Soft Voice of America," April 30]. I am sure that our foreign-language broadcasters are, most of them, sincere in believing that what they are saying is what America ought to be saying around the world. But they're so wrong; and so *insular*.

But a word of caution: even if we changed our programming tomorrow to include the historical and religious material that Solzhenitsyn urges us to broadcast, we cannot expect instant results. As Solzhenitsyn reminds us here, the Kremlin has had two, nearly three generations to expunge the memory of pre-Soviet society from its people. And as we have learned from exiles/émigrés as disparate as Vladimir Bukovsky, Rudolf Nureyev, and MiG pilot Viktor Belenko, the most lasting legacy of a modern Soviet upbringing is a pervasive cynicism. Even when a "new Soviet man" comes to realize that he has been lied to all his life, his first reaction then is to believe nothing and no one. It takes a while for him to be able to consider other faiths or value systems without prejudice.

There are, certainly, people who are able to learn enough while in the Soviet Union, either on their own (like Solzhenitsyn himself) or through a community (like the Pentecostals of Siberia), to know that they *want* to know about history and religion. There are others for whom these topics would also be objects of skepticism and disbelief, and who would require time, and a tactful presentation on the part of our broadcasters, before they began to respond.

Gail Erickson
St. Paul, Minn.

Richard Brookhiser's characteristically brilliant description of how the Reagan appointees bungled their chance to reform the Voice of America ["The Soft Voice of America," April 30] will disappoint those who had hoped public diplomacy might become a hallmark of the Reagan Administration's foreign policy. Anyone who doubts the importance of knowledge to a people's ability to exercise its will has only to read the recent *New York Times Magazine* article about China by Fox Butterfield. Nonetheless, truth about the West, if not about neighboring provinces, does get through. Russian émigré friends of mine like to describe how the cultural commissar's decision to circulate John Ford's movie version of *Grapes of Wrath* backfired. Muscovites stared at the movie screen in disbelief. The poor in America owned trucks! In Russia, that would be something on the order of owning a yacht. The film was hastily removed from public viewing.

Jane Dickinson
Bronx, N.Y.

Ayn Rand

What the hell happened with the left-handed eulogy William Buckley wrote on Ayn Rand ["On the Right," April 2]? Did the Devil make him do it? It was in poor taste. It was argumentatively ad hominem, even to the extent of using dialect as a means of disparagement. The article was not eloquently convoluted enough to hide his hatred and fear of a genius who has demonstrated, parenthetic to her main work, why America is doomed if it depends on its God-worshipping conservatives to provide a moral basis for its existence. I mean, really, without the mask of eloquence and gentility, what showed? It looked to me like a pseudo-intellectual making catcalls at the real thing—and that's all it was.

Roderick L. Miller
Victor, N.Y.

Ayn Rand remained until the end something of a brilliant philosophical adolescent, and many close friends and I, adolescents sincerely in search of an intellectual superstructure, may forgive ourselves today for being taken in even a few years ago. There was more to our love affair, of course, than Kirk's "fornicating bits." She was self-assured when we were confident of our futures; she was closed-minded when we remained unaware of the necessity for constant revision; she was arrogant when we recognized no logical value in humility. Ayn Rand was, in short, a reflection of ourselves—narrow and understandably incomplete. Chambers was correct about her.

Jeffrey B. Norris
Charlottesville, Va.

If you won't write a decent obituary of Ayn Rand, I shall have to compose my own in the forlorn hope that you will publish it.

She may not have been "the greatest philosopher since Aristotle," nor was she the greatest novelist since Dostoyevsky, but she must rank among the top half-dozen of this century in both categories, and unlike almost all her contemporaries she was firmly on the side of the angels.

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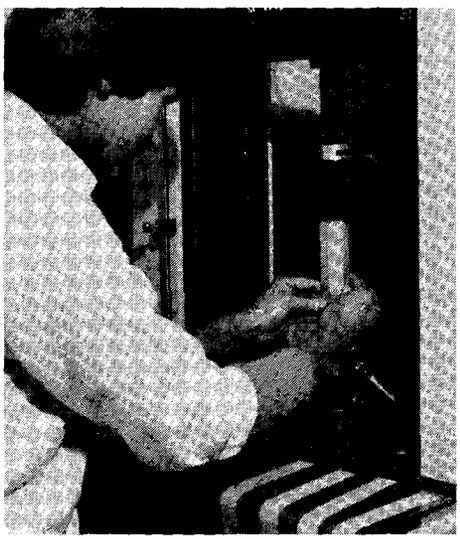

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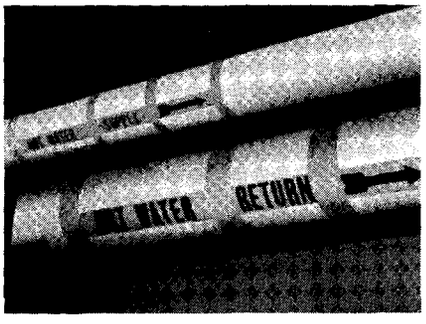

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The vigor of the 1980 election victory, and the populist rebellion that gave rise to it, came not from big corporations, country-club Republicans, or even NATIONAL REVIEW, still less from the racist blue-collar authoritarianism of the Wallace movement, but from the true campus revolution of the Sixties and Seventies. This was quite simply the discovery by conservative students that the fight for liberty did not have to be a defensive battle, with Satan having all the best moral tunes. It was not necessary to accept the antiquated bourgeois baggage of respect for one's elders, support for an unwinnable war, or abstention from sex. Instead, liberty could be justified, youthfully and gloriously, by the triumphant words of John Galt to a mediocre world, resonating through the campus rebellion: "Get the hell out of my way!" It was this spirit, utterly alien to the cautious, centrist wheeling-and-dealing of Johnson and Nixon, which brought us Ronald Reagan.

Martin O. Hutchinson
Bronxville, N.Y.

While Miss Rand has gone the way of mortal flesh, I suspect that Mr. Buckley has jumped the gun in proclaiming the death of her philosophy of Objectivism. From Christianity to Marxism and beyond, truly innovative world views have always taken more than a few years to fully assert themselves. After all, Jesus was hardly an influential figure in the cultural centers of the world at the time of his crucifixion.

Nielson Wright
Washington, D.C.

I knew you were going to do a nasty little hatchet job on the occasion of Ayn Rand's demise, but even I was a little surprised at the depths that you sunk to. Let us consider your self-serving comments about how Miss Rand's philosophical ideas are allegedly stillborn due to Whittaker Chambers's hysterical review 25 years ago. The facts are that Rand's books have since sold in the millions, and are required reading in numerous philosophy, psychology, ethics, and political-science courses. Her movement really took off in the late Fifties and Sixties, *after* Chambers's review. Her philosophy has been a main inspiration of the libertarian movement as well as many sectors of the conservative youth movement and the human potential or self-help movements so prevalent today. Her critique of altruism has never been successfully challenged, and her demonstration of the grotesque irrationalities in the "Judaeo-Christian" ethic have not to date been met with any sort of reasoned argument. Mr. Chambers's rantings about Nazism ("to a gas chamber—go") were hardly any sort of refutation of Rand's philosophy of individualism, rational egoism, reason, and laissez-faire

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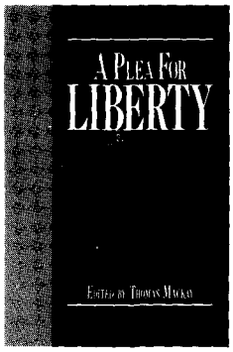

A Plea For Liberty
An Argument Against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation

Edited by Thomas Mackay
Introduction by Herbert Spencer
Foreword by Jeffrey Paul

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capitalism. The mere fact that Rand's rejection of supernaturalism and mysticism conflicts with some of your irrational beliefs hardly constitutes a refutation of her philosophy by NATIONAL REVIEW. Your magazine has never really dealt with the essentials of her philosophy.

Michael P. Hardesty
Berkeley, Calif.

Critics of Mr. Buckley's article on Ayn Rand should be advised that Miss Rand has not, as yet, entered the gates of Heaven.

She's having a hard time (three chapters so far) explaining to Saint Peter why she doesn't believe in God.

Monroe Rubinger
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Du calme, Messieurs Dames! One or two observations: 1) A notice of Miss Rand's death was written by me, WFB, as a newspaper column, and reprinted in NR, *as one-half of my columns regularly are. If the obituary notice had been written for* NR, *the approach would have been less personal, and would have appeared where such notices regularly do. 2)* NATIONAL REVIEW *has over the years noticed Miss Rand's work, notwithstanding that our contributors have not on the whole accepted her as a serious philosopher. Even so, we have run pieces on her not only by Whittaker Chambers, but by M. Stanton Evans, E. Merrill Root, John Chamberlain, Edward Regan, and Garry Wills, and (see current issue, the essay by Terry Teachout) we will continue to do so as occasion demands. 3) It is perplexing that a statement by an individual observer (me) should be found offensive or provocative in a way in which Miss Rand, for some reason, is not deemed to have been offensive or provocative, or is readily forgiven for having been so. Miss Rand's apoplectic denunciations of Christianity are as offensive to a Christian as non-apoplectic rejections of her dessicated philosophy are to a Randian. It is as true that Jesus was not instantly received by history as it is that Ayn Rand's work is not chiliastic. Although* NR *over the years attempted reasoned confutations of her work, my own judgment is that all that needed to be said about it had already been said in the Sermon on the Mount. It has never been obvious to me why, when the same distance separates X from Y, X should take greater offense over that differential than Y. I might add that Miss Rand, who scorned several invitations publicly to discuss our differences when alive, would have scorned the kind of sycophancy some readers apparently expected from persons she publicly denounced (myself among them) as her mortal enemies. We were never that, and are grateful that the necessity never arose to deem her a mortal threat to anything at all.* —WFB

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Where the Media Elite Stand

In the nation's shift from an industrial to an information society, a new elite has risen in the land. Its members work in the news media. They're the media's heavyweights, courted by politicians, studied by scholars, pampered by peers. Some of their bylines and TV images are familiar to millions.

They make up a new leadership group that "competes for influence alongside more traditional elites representing business, labor, government, and other sectors of society," asserts a major study performed under the auspices of Columbia University's Research Institute on International Change.

The research was directed by S. Robert Lichter of George Washington University and Stanley Rothman of Smith College. They have reported on their project in *Public Opinion* magazine, which says the findings raise "questions about journalism's qualifications as an 'objective' profession."

The study involved interviews with 240 journalists and broadcasters working for the most influential media outlets. These include the New York Times, Washington Post, Wall Street Journal, Time, Newsweek, U.S. News & World Report, CBS, NBC, ABC.

Where stand the media elite ideologically?

Some 54% of leading journalists count themselves as liberals. Only 19% describe themselves as right of center. Even greater differences show up when they rate their cohorts. Fifty-six percent say the people they work with are mostly on the left and only 8% on the right. Overwhelmingly, the media elite vote for Democratic candidates in presidential elections.

The big guns of the media come down on the liberal side of a wide range of social and political issues. They show special fondness for welfare capitalism. Some 68% believe the government should substantially reduce the income gap between rich and poor. Close to half feel the government should guarantee a job to anyone wanting one. Yet few are outright socialists. In fact, they stoutly spurn the notion that major corporations should be publicly owned. And they support a fundamental capitalist tenet that people with greater ability should earn more than those with less ability.

Despite acceptance of the economic order, many top journalists express general discontent with the social order. A substantial minority — 28% — favor overhauling the entire system through "a complete restructuring of its basic institutions." The same proportion take the view that *all* political systems are repressive because they concentrate power and authority in a few hands.

On international issues, a majority of the media elite believe U.S. economic exploitation has contributed to poverty in the Third World and that America's heavy use of natural resources is "immoral." By a three-to-one margin, they reject the view that Third World nations would be even worse off without the assistance they've received from the West.

In an information society, the upper-crust media practitioners are a telling force. "Cosmopolitan in their origins, liberal in their outlooks, they are aware and protective of their collective influence," Lichter and Rothman write. The group profiled by the study is "out of step with the public," *Public Opinion* opines.

At least now there's scholarly confirmation of the ideological and political tilt of many of the folks who declaim daily, in print and on the tube, on the shape of the world.

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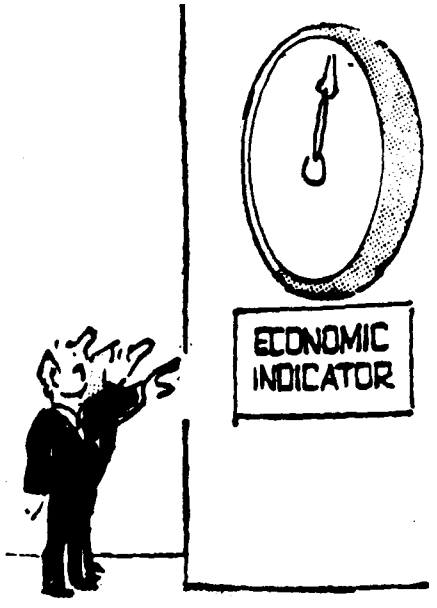
FOR THE RECORD

■ The primaries are upon us. Watch for a number of clear-cut Left-Right races. New Jersey, June 8, Republican senatorial, between Rep. **Millicent Fenwick**, liberal Republican (the ADA called her the "most liberal Republican in the House" in 1978), and **Jeff Bell**, supply-sider, **Kemp** ally, longtime **Reagan** supporter. Right now Fenwick is ahead, and Bell is concentrating on informing N.J. Republicans of her liberal voting record: Fenwick supported Carter 67 per cent of the time (the same percentage racked up by all incumbent New Jersey Democratic congressmen). Recent Penn and Schoen poll shows Bell leading Rep. **Andrew Maguire**, the probable Democratic nominee, by 15 points, but he's got to beat Fenwick first. . . . California, June 8, Republican senatorial, where most of the Republican hopefuls (bar Rep. **Pete McCloskey**) are conservative. Latest figures show San Diego Mayor **Pete Wilson** moving up fast against Rep. **Barry Goldwater Jr.** (29 to 24, with McCloskey close third). Both Wilson and Rep. **Robert Dornan**, says **Kevin Phillips**, will "aim at casting doubt on Goldwater Jr.'s mental acuity" in upcoming TV advertising, a club ("Goldwater's dumb") which could be—er . . . um—"fruitfully" used against Barry Jr. in later campaign against superliberal **Jerry Brown**, the almost certain Democratic candidate. . . . Other Left-Right confrontations: In Massachusetts, where businessman **Ray Shamie** is waging energetic campaign against the perceived-as-beatable **Teddy Kennedy**. Recent poll (**Richard Wirthlin**) shows Shamie has narrowed Kennedy's lead from 52 to 31 points in the last six months (Kennedy now leads him 53 to 22), but, more interesting, 41 per cent of Massachusetts voters now say they want a new senator, up from 29 last September. As for '84, to the question: "Should Kennedy run for President?" the answer in Mass. was 56 per cent no, 36 per cent yes. . . . In New York, **Kieran O'Doherty**, co-founder of the Conservative Party who ran a losing race against **Jacob Javits** in 1962, has entered lists to take on **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**, as has **Whitney North Seymour** (Liberal).



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"I swear I saw it flicker!"

■ The talk around **Washington** is that deficit may not be as large as feared. Some incoming figures showing higher-than-expected government revenues are being sat upon, say insiders. Question: Who is doing the sitting, and why? . . . Some interesting people are questioning results of steeply progressive taxes, wondering about advisability of a flat-rate, no-deduction tax, among them **Lester Thurow**, who supports a 25 per cent flat rate for individual income taxes. **Ralph Nader** is also toying with flat-rate idea. . . . Major April 21 editorial in *Christian Science Monitor* on subject concludes: "The good news is that the scrutiny has begun with new earnestness. Maybe it will come to the point of the public giving Congress a Reagan-like challenge: If you don't like the flat-rate tax, give us a better alternative." . . . Sen. **DeConcini** (D., Ariz.) has introduced a bill calling for a flat-rate tax. (Treasury estimates if every American taxpayer sent government 10.8 per cent of his income a year, the net Treasury intake would be the same as with today's enormously complicated and costly system.) . . . Speaking of costs, *Washington Post* doubts either the **Department of Education** or **Energy** will be dismantled this year. Education has nearly six thousand employees, who spend $14.3 billion a year; Energy, with 17,000, spends $15 billion.

■ YOUNG JOURNALISTS ALERT: The **National Journalism Center** (NJC) again is offering internships (the pay is $100 a week) for 12-week summer session in Washington starting first week in June. Program consists of lectures, research, and writing, plus on-the-job experience with area publications, columnists, research organizations. For info write: NJC, 600 Penn. Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. . . . You might not have seen it or heard about it, but there was a thousand-man counter-demonstration to the anti-Salvador demonstration in Washington earlier this month. Though it got no TV coverage, practically no press attention, the turnout by **Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles** was impressive.

■ Thoughts of **Chairman Deng**: Radio Peking has warned against the Rubik Cube, a perfidious imperialist invention, whose side-effects include: "divorce, abnormal behavior, high blood pressure, and aching fingers."

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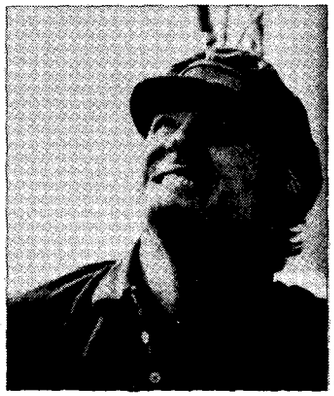

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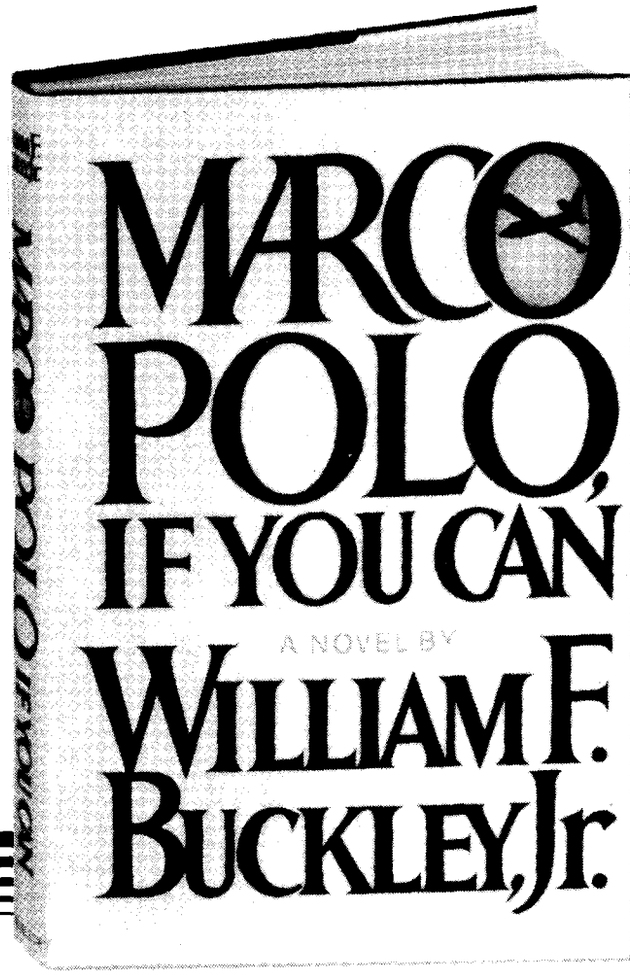

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THE WEEK

■ Inflation dropped to a negative rate for the first time in more than a decade and a half, the best news the poor and the elderly on fixed incomes have received in the same period. Unfortunately, the news media were too concerned about the disasters for the poor and the elderly under Reaganomics to notice.

■ Senator Gary Hart, who seems eager to run for President in 1984, is floating a "neo-liberal" economic platform. Much of it is familiar statist flotsam and jetsam, but Hart does have interesting proposals on taxes: he would slash corporate tax rates and replace the current personal income tax with a graduated tax on consumption. The Senator wants to encourage economic growth, which is laudable. But since he would use "progressive" individual taxes to replace "regressive" corporate taxes, his plan might actually tilt the tax system even further toward redistribution of income than now. And shifting the tax burden from productive firms to productive individuals not only does not mitigate that burden, but targets it where it does the most damage.

■ In the April 28 issue of *The New Republic*, political writer Fred Barnes weighs the advantages and liabilities of the two likeliest Republican contenders for the 1984 presidential election, if the President doesn't run again: George Bush and Jack Kemp. Barnes's final analysis is that while Bush has a very good organization made up of old-line Republicans, Reagan aides, and aggressive young politicos, he also has two major problems. He must balance vice presidential loyalty against the pursuit of his own political interests, and he must be mindful of a rift with the New Right. Kemp, on the other hand, has almost no organization, but he has the right stuff personally and ideologically. Barnes closes his article with a novel suggestion: a Bush/Kemp ticket in '84.

A Taste for Empire

Clive had it; Rhodes and Raffles, too.
Much more than Raleigh's derring-do,
It meant an urge to conquer *more*;
But once the need became a bore,
They quit the bush with few regrets.
Today, there's just the Soviets.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Republicanism has for some time been a rather sickly specimen in the only state in the Union to be carried by George McGovern, the People's Republic of Massachusetts. This year, however, the PRM's two leading liberal demagogues, Ted Kennedy and Tip O'Neill, just might face some pesky opposition. In September, businessman Ray Shamie and Dr. Mildred Jefferson will fight it out in the state primary to see who will run against Kennedy. On March 6, Shamie won the endorsement of Republican regulars, but Dr. Jefferson—a bright, attractive, black pro-lifer—could score with voters generally; educated at Harvard in pre-affirmative-action days, she is articulate and formidable. Dr. Jefferson—a distinct political novelty—could just possibly cause Kennedy trouble. Out in Tip O'Neill's congressional district, the incumbent dinosaur faces a challenge from a young Republican lawyer named Frank McNamara, who thinks that social and generational changes are beginning to make O'Neill's style of politics obsolete. In the past, Massachusetts Republicans have regularly nominated WASP country-club and chamber-of-commerce types, and have regularly lost. Enter the new breed.

■ Maybe they could form a club, the Pennsylvania Avenue Irregulars, in which Nixon addicts could endlessly discuss their favorite Presidency just as Conan Doyle fans speculate on the antecedents of Professor Moriarty, or the women in Holmes's life. In any case, Seymour Hersh has dished out another helping in *The Atlantic*: "Fawning . . . vicious . . . backbiting . . . 'fag' . . . megalomanic . . . secret drunk . . . 'Henry, we've got to nuke them' . . . 'there are Jews and Jews' . . ." The chief target of this installment is Henry Kissinger, who seems disconcertingly unwilling to fade away. Hersh's conclusion: "Kissinger was involved." Involved in wiretapping his own staff (we've known that since 1973; known too that the Attorney General considered it legal at the time). Involved in the Plumbers' operation (Hersh takes Ehrlichman's word over Kissinger's). Involved in the general seaminess ("Nixon's favor depended on the readiness to fall in with the paranoid cult of the tough guy"—Henry Kissinger, *Years of Upheaval*). Occasionally Hersh mentions that there was a war going on, usually to berate Nixon and Kissinger for not ending it "within the year." Hersh has no axes to grind; no kidding. "I'm going to hold him to a reasonable standard," he told the *Washington Post*, ". . . no mercy." Entered in the minutes. Meeting adjourned.

■ What do you know. Comandante Cero, the popular leader of Nicaragua's Sandinista revolution, is alive, notwithstanding that *NR* (April 16) reported him dead. The Comandante (real name, Edén Pastora) surfaced recently in Costa Rica in order to denounce his former comrades for the "regime of terror" they have imposed on Nicaraguan society as a whole, and

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

"You are here," the President occasionally counsels his appointees, "not to fight the alligators but to drain the swamp." Sometimes it's easy to forget that injunction, particularly when some of the hunters start acting like alligators. But the good news is that the water level is declining—as measured by the gauges that really count in this town.

Item 1. Hotel occupancy rates are down. It's not just the recession and fewer tourists. An officer in a hotel chain that caters to businessmen and lawyers who used to come to town for a week to joust with the regulatory commissions reports that business is terrible. Deregulating oil prices was a big first step, but now it's clear that the President's men just aren't making life difficult enough for the private sector for its emissaries to spend their time in D.C. running up big bills.

Item 2. Lawyers are looking for jobs. Deregulation hurts here, too. But there's another tide at work: over at the Justice Department, Bill Baxter, the antitrust man, has made it clear that he's going to pick fewer—and more sensible—fights. So a lot of legal talent is looking for greener fields. (Only defense procurement looks like a growth area.)

Item 3. Economists are looking for jobs. Deregulation and Bill Baxter are casting a pall over this profession, too. Block grants to the states to replace federal categorical programs also help, since high-priced bean counters are less in demand.

Item 4. Econometric modeling is a declining industry. Policy-makers no longer worship at the black box. It's not just that budgets for this kind of hocus-pocus have been slashed; there is a genuine revolt against the practice of dressing up policy options in computer printouts and "r-squares." Revenues of the "big three" firms (Wharton, DRI, and Chase) are all reportedly way down, and the Wharton operation has been forced to shut its Washington office.

Item 5. Housing prices are falling. While this development is not confined to the Washington area, the sense here is that the end of an era is at hand. Many two-earner, young professional households are in a state of near-panic. Faced with the realization that the President means what he says about bringing down inflation and paring back the federal establishment, the quiche-lorraine, designer-warmup-suit crowd faces a bleak future; their mortgage payments and the looming refinancing dates on their bullet loans worry them even more than El Salvador.

The President may find the going pretty tough up on the Hill, tussling with Congress over his budget. But as he says, consider the swamp, not the alligators.

■ Education Under Secretary William Clohan was fired for sins of commission—but that's not the only problem at the Department. Clohan, who went to the Department from the Hill (he had been minority counsel to the House Committee on Education and Labor) knew, and was well known to, the folks on the Hill. He knew them so well, in fact, that he "knew" the President's major goal of 1981 for education, changing the Title I program into a block grant, couldn't possibly be adopted. He was perceived on the Hill as a "friend of education" (translation: foe of the President's budget cuts and program initiatives). Eventually, the White House perceived him in the same way. Hill sources now concede that the Administration's original block-grant proposal might have been adopted if the Department's spokesmen had not tried to undersell it.

Clohan's successor is likely to be Gary Jones. Conservatives have resisted the Jones appointment for two reasons. First, Jones was once heard in public to oppose tuition tax credits, though he denies the charge. But more importantly, Jones, like Clohan and Education Secretary Terrel Bell, is not a movement conservative. Like them, he may respond to White House initiatives, but he is not likely to get out of bed in the morning thinking, "How can I reduce the size of government today?" His will not be a sin of commission, conservatives believe, but of omission.

But that is a problem all over Washington. Conservatives were happy to see Clohan go, but are afraid the message may be muddied by the appointment of Jones. Too many of the political appointees are apologists for the President's programs, instead of salesmen. What's going on in the Department of Education is going on in every area, including the White House itself. High up on conservatives' hit list is presidential advisor Jim Baker, who appears to be not only apologizing for the President's program, but actively trying to sell the President a new one.

—CATO

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for the "jailing and killing" of the Miskito Indians. Pastora went on to remark the "*somocista*" (hedonistic) lifestyle of the Sandinista commanders. Pastora told the press: "After three or four months I began to think about this, and I told the others we should give up our Mercedes-Benzes." To which he added, "I will drag them with bullets from their mansions and Mercedes-Benzes."

■ The Soviet Union reports a huge increase in its slave trade. Well, it hasn't quite "reported" it, but here's the deal in progress. Vietnam, with a war debt to the USSR of at least $3 billion, is to "lend" "workers" to the Soviet Union to pay off the debt. Reliable estimates put the number of Vietnamese "workers" shipped already at at least ten thousand; unconfirmed reports put the estimate as high as 500,000. The "workers" are supposed to pay off the Vietnamese debt at $300 to $400 million a year. If the trade involves as few as ten thousand, that puts the going rate at $30,000 to $40,000 each per year, vastly more than the Soviet/slave economy would allow, and more in fact than most Party commissars are paid. A figure of $1,000 per year, still not bad for the Soviet peasantry, would suggest 300,000 to 400,000 workers. In any case, it's clear that business is brisk.

■ COMING SOON, to a TV set near you: *World Journal*, a half-hour weekly international news program, reflecting conservative premises. A project of the newly formed World News Institute, *World Journal* will aim at cable and public stations; will deploy a

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Washington and London bureau and a roving foreign crew; hopes to be on the air by Labor Day this year. Richard Bishirjian, former assistant to the director of USICA and former senior editor at Arlington House, is president of WNI; Philip Nicolaides, late of Voice of America, is vice president. For further information, write WNI, Suite 510, 1015 18th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

■ "For in the postwar atmosphere of the late 1940s there had been a remarkable and pervasive resurgence of Stalinism and fellow-traveling that had, subtly or openly, captured the minds of liberals." McCarthy? No—*Partisan Review*'s William Barrett, in his widely acclaimed memoir *The Truants.*

■ Still unresolved, and a serious obstacle to the settlement, is what to call the disputed islands. The British insist on calling them the Falklands, which derives from O.G. *ficken*, "to strike," rough translation, screwed-up lands. The Argentinians are equally insistent on the Malvinas Islands, rough translation, lousy wine. Whoever wins is still overstating the appeal of the place.

■ The CBS documentary, "People Like Us," will be examined by Joseph Sobran in the next issue. If there is a next issue. Bill Moyers can't be so sure, and Jonathan Schell is almost sure there won't be, unless we have world federalism by Monday, and, by Tuesday, disarmament. We go to press Wednesday. For PLU.

Anti-Nuclear Politics

Every effort is now being made to pump up the anti-nuclear movement into a major political force—and, who knows, such efforts may succeed. We have just come through Ground Zero Week, an anti-nuclear mobilization centered on the campuses and the churches, which by all accounts met with mixed results. There are those who think, however, that with the advent of warm weather, the demonstrations and protests will gather greater numbers, becoming a potent political force by the time of the fall elections. Senators Kennedy, Hatfield, and others evidently regard the movement as a growth item and, accordingly, have bought some stock in it before the expected take-off.

Some signs support such an estimate. Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth*, a nuclear nightmare forecasting human extinction—an update of Nevil Shute's 1957 *On the Beach*—has become both a canonical work for the movement and a runaway best-seller. The cover of the April 26 *Newsweek* regaled us with a nuclear fireball. And, of course, four prominent former officials—Kennan, McNamara, Bundy, and Smith—have urged us in the prestigious pages of *Foreign Affairs* to abjure any first use of nuclear weapons; which advice, however, was peremptorily rejected by officials of the NATO powers, including the Schmidt and Mitterrand governments, and even by the once-and-future candidate, Walter Mondale, who is betting differently from Kennedy for the moment.

The anti-nuclear movement may well become the major effort of the Left, on the model of the anti-Vietnam protests. It does fill a political vacuum. The Left has little to plausibly recommend on fiscal, welfare, or social policy, and the recent elections in El Salvador have tended to cripple that issue, which until then had received major hype.

The anti-nuclear movement, or movements, possess an open but also a hidden agenda, however—and the latter may prove fatal once it is widely perceived. About that hidden agenda, more in a moment; but first a few distinctions.

It would be a mistake, in our opinion, to assume that the European and American anti-nuclear movements are identical. There is overlap, to be sure; but the two are differently rooted.

This consideration suggests that the European movement is likely to be more enduring, because it rises out of certain undeniable military realities. That is, a limited nuclear war (i.e., one employing tactical nuclear weapons) against Warsaw Pact forces would initially be fought in West Germany. A datum of that kind concentrates the mind, and, not surprisingly, the European anti-nuclear movement is strongest in West Germany.

Second, if the Warsaw Pact forces lunged westward, and even if they were soon halted, they would nevertheless seize a substantial portion of the Federal Republic before the NATO counterattack rolled the front back the other way. From the perspective of the local inhabitants, this does not look like a pleasant way to spend the weekend. If the Germans were rational, they would strengthen their conventional forces to the point where such an attack would be prohibitively expensive. Instead, a substantial segment of opinion, probably a majority, prefers prosperity and a degree of Ostpolitik.

The anti-nuclear movement in America has a much more abstract character, and is much more apocalyptic. If it is rooted in any new strategic reality, it can only be the subliminal perception that the Soviets now possess the capability of landing a Big One right on, say, Harvard Yard. But by and large, the American movement is the direct descendant of past protest movements, pervaded by the same apocalyptic spirit, using the same techniques, and even featuring much of the same personnel. We have had the anti-Vietnam movement, the anti-pollution movement, the anti-nuclear-power movement, and now the anti-nuclear-weapons movement. We have had *Silent Spring*,

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"How nice to walk in the park again now that handguns are outlawed."

Fire in the Lake, and other canonical texts of an apocalyptic character; we have had *The China Syndrome*; and no one need be surprised if Jane Fonda and Jack Lemmon star in a suitable movie about nuclear war. All of these American movements have been *against* something, and that something is always conceived of as enormously, if vaguely, threatening. The ozone layer was going to disappear, and cancer would be widespread. A moderate-sized war against a third-rate power was *Apocalypse Now*. Currently, we are supposed to be contemplating the extinction of the species. In a recent interview, Professor Thomas Etzold of the U.S. Naval War College characterized the temper of the anti-nuclear movement this way: "It's an obsession. They move from one mess to another. What's missing, I think, is an element of technicality. They deal in ideals. They are characterized by an almost admirable hopelessness. They thought they were being 'socially responsible' in Vietnam. Now they think that again."

The no-first-use proposal by McNamara et al. appeared under respectable auspices. It was, however, an empty and merely fashionable exercise. The authors admit that the proposal makes sense only if the NATO countries are willing to increase their conventional forces vastly. "It seems clear that the nations of the alliance together can provide whatever forces are needed, and within realistic budgetary constraints, but it is a quite different question whether they can summon the necessary political will." That just about says it all. The proposal is a pipe dream, and the authors know it.

In Schell's book, an enormous gap exists between his lurid apocalyptics and his actual recommendations. He favors an arms freeze, SALT negotiations, negotiated disarmament—not new ideas, and both difficult and time-consuming even if feasible. But the logic of the rest of his book points in another direction entirely. If all values depend upon the prior existence of human life and if absolutely everything must accordingly be subjected to the goal of such existence, then Schell's logic leads straight to unilateral disarmament. Only thus can minimal survival be assured within the framework of Schell's argument. But Schell does not follow his own logic to that conclusion, *because he knows that unilateral disarmament is not going to happen*. He has simply engaged in a very public act of intellectual masturbation.

Unilateral disarmament is, of course, the hidden —though unachievable—agenda of the movement. Some of the Catholic bishops have already leaped over that moral precipice, and others no doubt will follow, saying in one mighty exhalation, "Yes, let it all go. Let the Russians have it all. Far better red than dead."

Back in the real world of concrete options, prudence, and uncertainty, ordinary common sense suggests that the stronger the deterrent and the more certain its retaliatory use, the less likely war will be. The fact that nuclear war is so dangerous has in fact precluded the use of nuclear weapons for the past 37 years. No reasonable person would oppose a verifiable reduction in nuclear warheads, but that is not what the anti-nuclear people are selling, since it would require inspection and would raise awkward questions about Soviet behavior. It is much more enjoyable to wear cardboard skull-masks, hold dance-ins and Run For Your Life foot-races. It will be interesting to see how many American politicians, like Gadarene swine, join the fun.

The Falklands, Cont'd

As we go to press, the inexorable evolution of the Falkland Islands situation continues, with much of the handwriting now on the wall. In a brief, highly professional operation, the British have now seized South Georgia island, some eight hundred miles from the main group. This has oil storage facilities, greatly increasing the on-site capacity of the British surface ships. The British nuclear-powered subs, of course, can remain on station for prolonged periods, enforcing a blockade if that is the chosen strategy.

Argentina has few options. Its army is adequate for maintaining internal order, but it is not a world-class organization. The Argentine navy is adequate for protecting a long coastline against possible attack

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by other Latin American powers, but it is not suitable for action against the more modern and more numerous British warships. The Argentinians have extended the runways at Stanley; these, however, are now a likely British target, and if they are destroyed, as they almost certainly will be, the main Falkland Islands will lack air cover.

Conventional wisdom holds, correctly, that attacking troops require numerical superiority over the defenders, but this is true only when the professional capacities of the opposing forces are roughly equal. How the Argentine garrison on the main islands will behave, under assault and without air cover, remains to be seen. The Argentine military has never fought a modern war.

The Reagan Administration has decided, correctly, that the Thatcher government will be a survivor in this crisis. Which leaves open the question of whether the present regime in Argentina will survive this major blunder. The trick now will be to avoid its total humiliation, and for this to be achieved, some cooperation from Buenos Aires will be necessary. Perhaps some face-saving formula can be worked out, perhaps not. General Galtieri made a Mussolini-type move on the Falklands; but he should have pondered the fate of Mussolini.

Flight of the Elephants

How do you lose a hand in which you hold three aces and a pair of tens? It's easy, if you're a Republican politician.

Republican pros are variously cowering and panicking because there is a recession, the budget is unbalanced, and Reaganomics has not cured the nation's economic ills in the space of a year. There is open talk of a Republican debacle in the fall elections—a Gallup poll finds the voters inclining toward the Democrats by a 54 to 34 margin—and lots of Republican candidates now in Congress are, in the words of Reagan aide Edward Rollins, "jumping ship." The President has had to endure public scolding and taunting from the likes of Robert Packwood and Lowell Weicker—who, not by the way, have received favorable media coverage for their defections.

It isn't surprising. The Republican Party teems with faint hearts who have learned too well the "lessons" of 1936 and 1964: it's dangerous to differ from Democrats. And so, instead of rallying behind the initiative of the most remarkable politician their party has seen in a generation, instead of boldly attacking the vulnerable record of the Democratic regime during that period, they are diving for cover, repudiating his efforts (ambiguously, it is true, but effectively), and obscuring the principles that brought them victory in 1980 and should solidify their gains this year.

Not that the White House isn't complaining. In fact it is doing little else. It sends forth signals of its own eagerness to compromise on the budget and emits high-decibel whimpers that Bill Moyers isn't being fair.

The complaints are true enough. The trouble is that they are unbecoming to a once-confident Administration that ought to be surging ahead, affirming its own vision and attacking entrenched resistance to the mandate of 1980.

That mandate is real—or was. The voters sensed that the nation was being run on bad principles, that welfarism and intervention had ceased to be necessary exceptions and had become the unhealthy rule of economic order. But the mandate was only incipient, timid and fluid. It needed vigorous reaffirmation. In a word, leadership.

This, Ronald Reagan—the Great Communicator—is supremely equipped to provide. At the moment, despite his commendable radio chats, he is simply not providing it. He has turned over too much of the task of communicating to men who evidently don't share his convictions and most certainly don't share his eloquence.

The Reagan Revolution, if there is to be one, can't be a defensive action. But the defenders of the status quo are pressing the attack, those who should be attacking are on the defensive, and the troops are scattering. The doctors are being blamed for the epidemic by the very carriers of the plague. And at the moment, 1982 threatens to be the year of the most tragically wasted opportunity in modern political history.

Vox Populi

For a while there, it looked as if the Administration had talked itself into a corner. For weeks before the Salvadoran election, American spokesmen let it be known that the Christian Democrats under Duarte were not only the preferred, but pretty nearly the only tolerable alternative—until the voters, in their perversity, gave a majority to the five parties of the Right, which combined to elect Major Roberto d'Aubuisson President of the Assembly. The hemisphere creaked with the sound of shifting gears.

The same problem bedeviled America throughout the Vietnam War. Were we primarily engaged in making local politics "nice" (a worthy objective, but hardly a legitimate concern of American foreign policy)? Or were we containing a salient of a worldwide empire that is hostile to us? The only sensible reason for being in Vietnam was the second; but we often behaved as if we were acting on the first. The goal of throwing the rascals out involved us in all sorts of unpleasantness (coups, assassinations), and it set an impossibly high standard—every time some general embezzled a pile or threw a pol in the slammer, the Left could, and did, cry foul.

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Totalitarians do not always oblige us by picking on spotless victims. Hitler not only menaced democracies like Czechoslovakia, but autocracies like Poland and Austria. Indeed, Engelbert Dollfuss, Austria's second-to-last pre-*Anschluss* chancellor, presided over a fascist state. That did not prevent the Nazis from murdering him, and it should not have prevented Britain and France from taking an interest in Austria's fate—or more precisely, their own.

El Salvador of course did not vote for fascism. The Christian Democrats remain the largest single party, and the right-wing turnout probably reflects as much as anything a desire for a quick victory (see "The Week," April 30). That should also be our primary —and public—goal.

'Eugenic Infanticide'

"Eugenic infanticide"—exactly. The phrase is that of Congressman Henry Hyde (R., Ill.), in reference to the death by starvation of "Infant Doe," of Bloomington, Indiana, at the behest of Father and Mother Doe, with the support of the Indiana Supreme Court.

"There is no reason—none—to doubt that if the baby had not had Down's syndrome the operation [to save its life by repairing its defective esophagus] would have been ordered without hesitation, almost certainly by the parents or, if not by them, by the courts," writes George Will. "Therefore the baby was killed because it was retarded. I defy the parents and their medical and legal accomplices to explain why, by the principles affirmed in this case, parents do not have a right to kill by calculated neglect any Down's syndrome child—regardless of any medical need—or any other baby that parents decide would be inconvenient."

To which it is only necessary to add that, absent the sanctity of human life, there is no sure standard by which it can be decided what constitutes a life-disqualifying defect. Physical or mental handicap? The wrong sex? The wrong race?

It was the mad pseudo-science of Adolf Hitler that made "eugenics" a dirty word for a generation, only shortly after its initial vogue as a progressive and scientific ideal. Now eugenics is back—under the guise of "quality of life." The new eugenics is defended under this slogan by columnist Richard Cohen, who applauds the Indiana court for shunning "simple answers to complex problems."

Surgeon General Everett Koop has been warning for years that infanticide in our hospitals is quietly becoming common practice. Now it is out of the closet, with the sanction of law.

Just as the right-to-life movement has predicted. Congressman Hyde said as much on the floor of the House: "I suggest to you that Baby Boy Doe is the Bloomington martyr, a triumph of the quality-of-life ethic over the sanctity-of-life ethic." With this case, writes M. Stanton Evans, "we have crossed some kind of hellish threshold, into a land where 'quality of life' becomes one's death warrant."

More Students Speak

It is no secret to those close to the scene that college organizations and college newspapers in particular can become the captives of small factions. In 1980 the *Harvard Crimson* supported Barry Commoner for President; *The Dartmouth* supported John Anderson. No claim existed that this represented broad student opinion on the campus, let alone in America: that was its point, in a way. Responding to this situation during the past couple of years, a number of independent student newspapers have been founded around the country—about seventy, in fact. Last week, four of them—in the Ivy League—sternly supported the mix of educational measures advocated by President Reagan.

In a letter signed by the editors of the *Dartmouth Review* (Will Cattan), the *Madison Report* of Princeton (Roger Brooks), the *Harvard Salient* (Terry Quist), and the *Yale Federalist Newsletter* (Steve Calabresi), the student leaders told the President that "your program enjoys broad support on our campuses. We urge you to plow ahead with a bill for tuition tax credits, elimination of the Department of Education, and further reductions in federal spending and regulation. Eighteen years of the opposite—more federal spending, more interference, less choice between public and private schools—produced 18 years of declining performance in our schools."

The emergence of these conservative student newspapers has attracted national attention. Other voices are now beginning to be heard.

A Pardonable Enthusiasm

New Jersey's turret guns are all aglow.
Outfitted with the latest missiles, she'll
Be joined by *Iowa* and *Mighty Mo*
If we can squelch the likes of Tip O'Neill.
I can't resist a battleship's appeal;
My milk-glass *Maine* is constantly "at sea."
I've fought with Jellicoe and fled to Kiel
As darkness fended off catastrophe.
I won't apologize for my esprit:
I want them all refurbished, *every one.*
Don't tell me what the final cost will be
Or when suppliers sense an overrun.
Consider what contentment it would bring
If Mrs. Thatcher had one in her sling.

W. H. VON DREELE

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John Cardinal Cody, R I P

The Archbishop of Chicago died a controversial enigma, surrounded by a circumstantial scandal centering on his alleged diversion of a million dollars to a close woman friend (and distant relative). He refused to respond to subpoenas and requests for interviews, insisted on his innocence, and accused his accusers of attacking the Catholic Church through him. He lived in opulence and ruled autocratically; but if he did little to clear his name, it is far from clear that he deserved to be defamed. He was the object of intense personal hate, much of which he would surely have been spared had he been more theologically, politically, and administratively liberal. The just and charitable presumption is that he went to his Maker, at 74, a faithful servant.

John Ashbrook, R I P

*(Because of the special circumstances, we publish William Rusher's syndicated obituary on John Ashbrook. —*ED.*)*

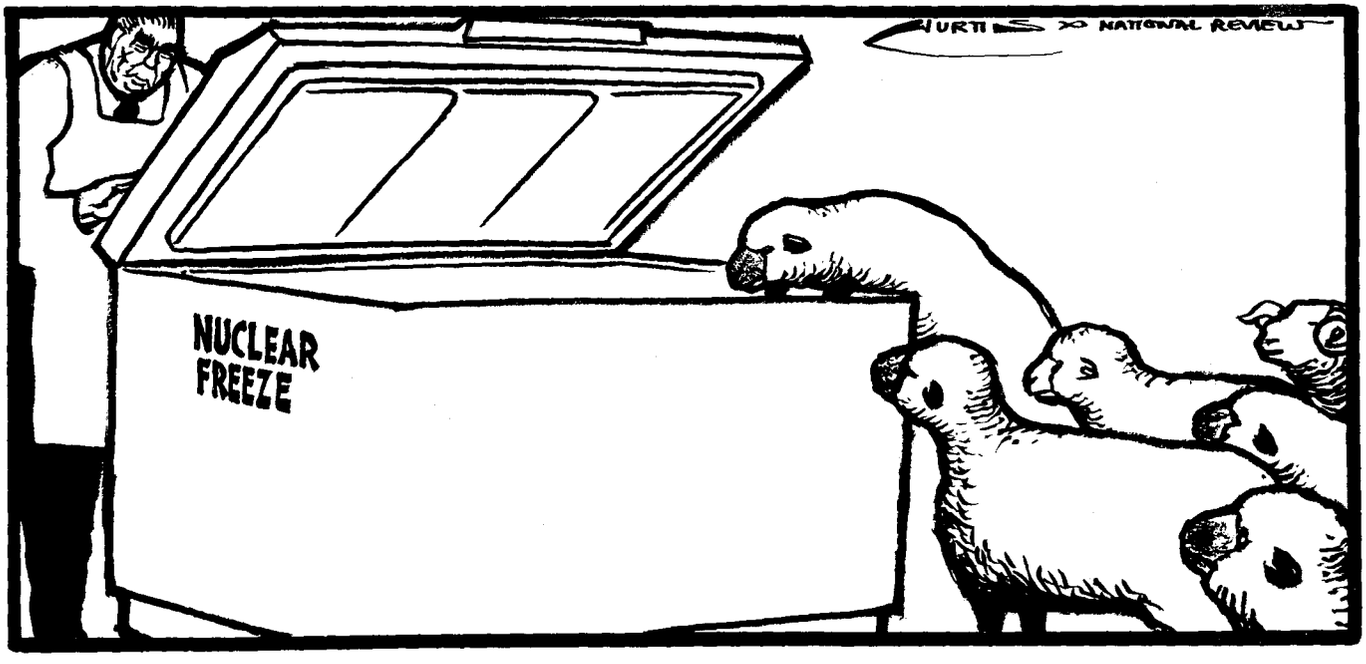
The near total dud that was Ground Zero Week, and the first monthly drop in the cost of living in 16 years, must both await later attention as conservatives pause to mourn the passing of Congressman John M. Ashbrook of Ohio.

John Ashbrook was possibly my closest and certainly my oldest friend in the Congress of the United States. We had met as Young Republicans back in 1954, and I served as his floor manager at the 1957 convention in Washington that elected him chairman of the Young Republican National Federation. He was already a member of the Ohio legislature, and in 1960 was sent to Congress by basically the same central Ohio district that had been represented by his father, William Ashbrook, from 1907 to 1921 and again from 1935 to 1940.

But whereas his father had been a Democrat, John Ashbrook was a Republican, and a thoroughly conservative one. In his latest volume of memoirs, *With No Apologies*, Barry Goldwater asserts correctly that the Draft Goldwater movement was launched in 1961 by John Ashbrook, F. Clifton White, and the present writer. What Goldwater probably doesn't know is that the very first conversation on the subject took place between Ashbrook and myself over lunch in the House of Representatives' Members' Dining Room one day early in July that year. The Republican Party was in even more than its usual disarray as a result of Richard Nixon's defeat by John Kennedy the previous November, and I remarked to Ashbrook that if we were to hold a caucus of our old Young Republican cronies (most of whom were nudging forty and already active in the senior party) it would probably constitute "about the third largest faction in the party."

Ashbrook agreed, and when lunch was over he took me back to his office and showed me a file drawer in which he had meticulously preserved his ongoing correspondence with our YR contacts all over the country. Impressed with how easy it would be to transform this network into the core cadre of a new political enterprise, I flew back to New York City and contacted my friend Clif White. Within a few weeks, the Draft Goldwater movement was taking shape.

It was characteristic of Ashbrook that, once the operation was actually under way, he drifted away from daily contact with it while remaining wholly



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supportive. All his life long, John was at heart a "loner," and never more so than in his service in Congress. He voted for the conservative side of public issues when it was popular, and also when it was unpopular, and even when there was absolutely nobody voting that way but the big blond from the 17th district of Ohio. It is simply staggering to realize the kind of dogged consistency implied by the fact that his cumulative ACU and ACA ratings—the acid tests of conservative loyalty on Capitol Hill—over the entire two decades of his service in Congress are in both cases 96 out of a possible one hundred. No wonder the American Conservative Union elected him as its first chairman in 1965, or that he waged a brave, quixotic battle against Richard Nixon in the early presidential primaries of 1972.

Repeatedly the Ohio Republican machine, which preferred more compliant personalities, did its best to gerrymander him out of Congress altogether, but it was never able to design a central Ohio district whose voters didn't prefer John Ashbrook over everybody else as their representative in Washington. Finally, tiring at last of the weary grind in the House, John decided to take on Ohio's liberal Democratic Senator Howard Metzenbaum, who is running for re-election this year. For Ashbrook it would be either up, or out. Rival Republicans stood aside, and John started after Metzenbaum with the relish of a born campaigner and the zeal of a conservative with a holy cause.

It was on that campaign trail that John Ashbrook died on April 24, at the unendurably early age of 53. To say that he will be missed scarcely touches the edge of the void his passing leaves. But we can be sure that, as for Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, "all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —WM. A. RUSHER

Archibald MacLeish, R I P

Unlike many much greater writers who combined art and politics, Archibald MacLeish got himself firmly on the winning side. Milton took up with Oliver Cromwell and went down with the Commonwealth, ending up poor and blind and under house arrest. Swift cast his lot with the Tories, saw his and their hopes collapse, and his great friends in exile or the Tower. Ezra Pound admired Mussolini and was lucky to escape execution as a traitor to the United States. After 1933, Archibald MacLeish was a liberal New Dealer of an orthodoxy so total as to be comic, and he went from public office to public honor and from public honor to public office: Librarian of Congress, Pulitzer Prizes, Office of War Information, Assistant Secretary of State, UNESCO, Boylston Professor at Harvard. Hold it, stop the presses, he also Spoke Out Against McCarthy.

In some recollections recorded recently about his days in Paris during the 1920s, MacLeish recalled his first meeting with the young Ernest Hemingway, seven years his junior. Though Hemingway had then published only a few sketches, he was already regarded as a great writer by his fellow expatriates. When MacLeish visited him, he was received by Hemingway as an emperor receives a friendly subject.

Hemingway had that relationship about right. Out of our quarrels with others we make rhetoric, Yeats said; out of our quarrels with ourselves, poetry. MacLeish had too few quarrels with himself. An interesting second-echelon poet, he wrote some good poems, mostly early, though now and then late. He knew "*A poem should not mean / But be*," and some of his lines do achieve that ontological status. Quite often, however, he was unintentionally—and disarmingly—hilarious: "*O Sun! Instigator of cocks!*"

But out of his supposed liberal quarrels with others he produced reams of rhetoric, much of it not even good rhetoric: "*Tom Paine Knew. / Tom Paine knew the People. / The promises were spoken to the People.*" As Robert Frost remarked of the similar rhetoric of Carl Sandburg, that kind of thing has nothing to lose in translation.

MacLeish outlived virtually all of that golden literary generation: Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Eliot, Pound, Joyce, Faulkner, Stevens, Cummings, Crane. He is dead at 89, and only Malcolm Cowley survives.

—J. HART

The Undead

With a stiff upper lip
  And a chin pointing high,
Each progressive pretends
  But keeps dabbing an eye;
For inflation is dead
  And they're feeling undone
As Count Dracula did
  From the rays of the sun.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Here is one additional stab at an alphabetic sentence:

Against Bonaparte's capable divisions Europe fielded gallant hordes; in July, Kutuzov's legions maneuvered northward, opening passes quickly, responding

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swiftly to undefeated veterans with xenophobic youthful Zouaves.

Do I win?

Respectfully,
John Shaffer
Canton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Shaffer: You win hands down. Cordially,
WFB

■ SENATOR NICHOLAS BRADY, WASHINGTON, D.C.

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS. TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT, I WONDER IF YOU WOULD CONSIDER A PRIVATE BILL ON BEHALF OF OLD FRIEND OMAR AL-CHAD? THERE'D BE A *HUNDRED BIG ONES IN IT FOR YOU.* ADVISE. WARM REGARDS, SHEIK WILLIAM AL-BUCKLEY

■ Bill—

Kevin and I have devised a new rejection form for manuscripts. Do you like? Pitts

NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 EAST 35th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Priscilla L. Buckley

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

Had a postcard today from Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. It's vintage Erik. You might want to share it.

Lans, Tyrol, Austria, April 8, 1982, A-6072

Dear Priscilla,

The last # of the *NR* is excellent. The Kurzweil article on El Salvador the best I ever read on the case. But, of course, there is something wrong with the Salvadorans. The rate for murder and manslaughter in *1967* was in Nicaragua 269 times that of Spain, that of El Salvador 319 times (!)—The de Mille article on evolution is brilliant. Of course, Darwinism and Neo-Darwinism is *passé*. Gertrude Himmelfarb (Irving Kristol's wife) who wrote on Darwin also doubts it. I believe that Pierre Lecomte Du Nouys was right (*Human Destiny*). Our leading biologist Konrad Lorenz (Nobel Prize) is a Darwinist. I wrote him a letter asking for a Darwinian explanation for the texture of the fur of the sloth. No reply. I sent him ½ year later a second letter registered with a stamped envelope. He pocketed the envelope and stamp and did not reply. (There would be an explanation on a Lamarckian basis!) Lecomte—his wife was a Morgan—lost his faith, but then due to his research and study became a theist and finally—age 56 died in the arms of the Church (in NYC). Clare Luce wrote enthusiastically about the Portland Declaration [*NR*, Oct. 16, 1981]. I am now propagating it over here. Can I expect a plug from you? For my lectures! But so that the reader realizes that I am seeking invitations to speak! [End of Sept., Oct.-Dec.] Yours ever gratefully,
Erik

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I recently had the honor of dining at a Jesuit residence. Both the company and the cuisine were, of course, charming. If you would like a report on SJ perceptions on the day's pressing issues (El Salvador, Reaganomics, Big East basketball), I would be glad to send one along. I find, though, that I need to call upon your much greater worldly experience to resolve a question of extreme importance.

At the next table over was seated the eminent Avery Dulles, SJ. While I was not fortunate enough to be a party to the conversation at that table, I did happen to hear the end of one of his stories. Hence, my problem: Can *you* think of any story the punch line to which is ". . . *filioque*, you s.o.b."? I will probably not be able to sleep soundly until I know the answer. Since you are well into what John P. Roche calls "anec-dotage," perhaps you can be of help.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely yours,
Richard N. Callow
Brighton, Mass.

Memo to: Bill Rickenbacker
From: WFB

Bill: Enclosed a letter from a reader. Can you help?

Dear Wm—

I'm stumped, and that's no laughing matter. *Stumpatus sum, hoc nulla re ridenti.* Indeed, the only Latin joke I know is in the men's room at the Harvard Club, above the *pissoirs*, unless you want to include that awful business about Brutus asking Caesar how many aigs he had fer braikfus that day . . .

Amicissime, zevver,
Wm [F. Rickenbacker]
West Boxford, Mass.

Dear Mr. Callow: Our Latinist Mr. Rickenbacker, see above, uncharacteristically gives up. So, how about:

LEGITIMATE DAUGHTER: Dad, are you taking me to the ball tonight?

DAD: Of course, dear, you, Mother, and I.

NATURAL SON: *Filioque*, you s.o.b.! —**WFB**

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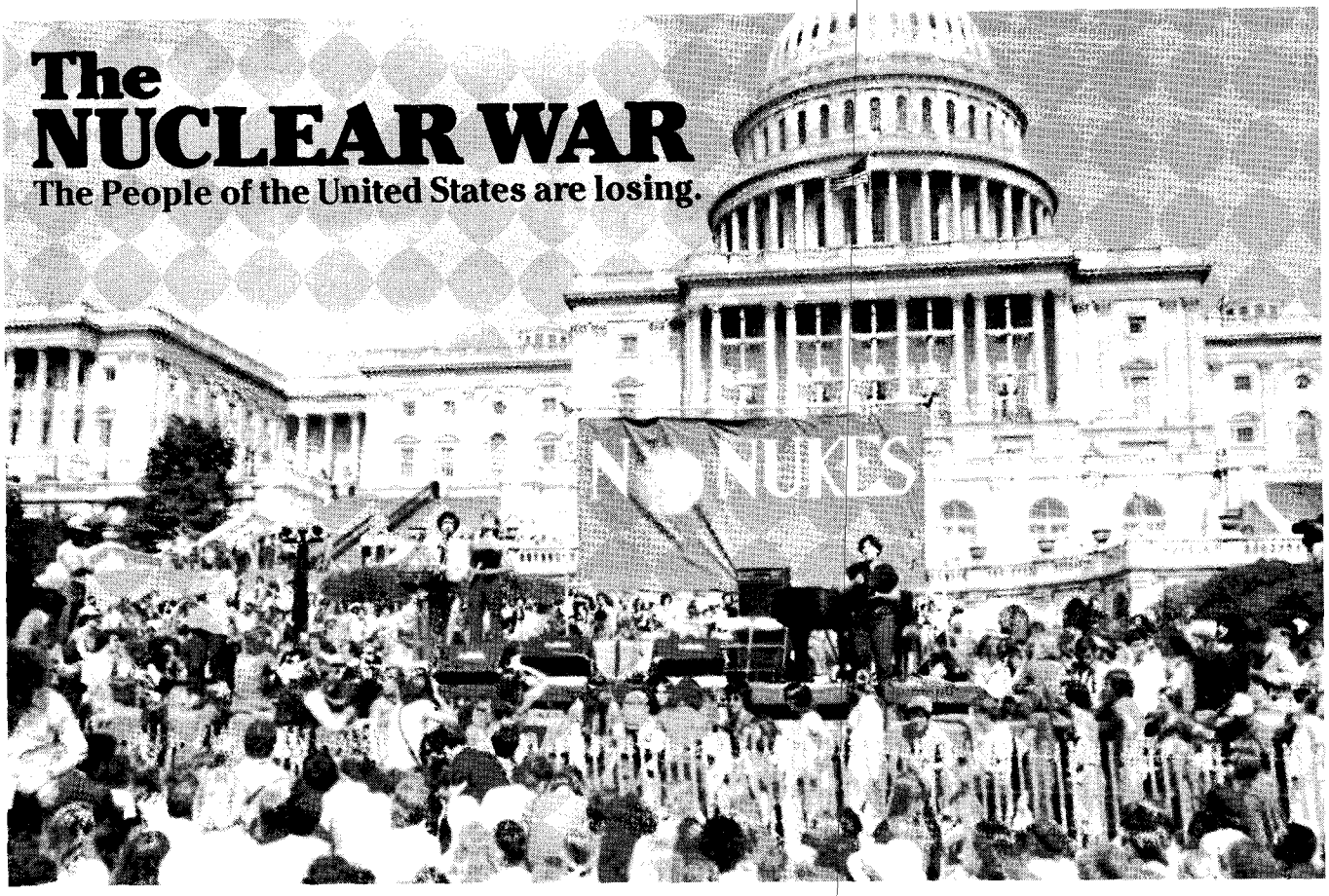
The NUCLEAR WAR

The People of the United States are losing.



THE WAR

A nuclear war is raging today in the United States – a "war" over the use of nuclear energy. **On one side are the scientists, workers and leaders of the embattled nuclear industry.** They say that nuclear energy is cleaner, safer, more reliable and less expensive than any other type of electrical power-generation system.

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In the middle are the American People. *They, like* people of other countries around the world, are the innocent victims of this nuclear war. Confused, fearful and bombarded by slogans and psuedo scientisms, they are unsure of which side to support. Meanwhile the war goes on and energy resources continue to be depleted at an ever-increasing rate.

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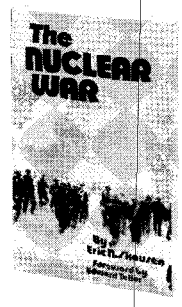

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LETTER FROM TORONTO

Beyond the Constitution

DONALD COXE

THE QUEEN made it official, visiting Ottawa to surrender the last vestige of British control over Canadian affairs. For a while, it looked as if the Falkland Islands might delay her visit, but, in the event, Canada finally got its own made-in-Canada Constitution.

The actual ceremony was anti-climactic, because nearly the entire country, with the exception of Prime Minister Trudeau, had long since turned its attention to more pressing matters, such as inflation, unemployment, recession, and Wayne Gretzky. Although Mr. Trudeau hymned the Constitution as the final brick in nation-building, in fact the national edifice is showing serious cracks that can't be papered over. Within months, some major shocks are probable.

Mr. Trudeau had made patriation of the Constitution one of his obsessions. He nearly pulled it off in 1971, but Quebec reneged on the amending formula, and as recently as a year ago many doubted we would ever as a nation manage to agree long enough to get control of our own governing mechanisms.

In part, the bitterness of the debate sprang from Mr. Trudeau's willingness to inject anti-British feelings into the discussion. He regularly misstated the reason why Canada had not adopted its own Constitution long ago, implying that British imperialism stood in the way. The truth was that the British North America Act, which created the Dominion of Canada in 1867, remained a British statute amendable only at Westminster because Canadians could not agree on its successor.

The Statute of Westminster in 1931 granted full self-governing status to all the Dominions within the Commonwealth except Canada. That exclusion arose because some provinces, particularly Quebec, were unwilling to permit Ottawa to take over supremacy, and no formula for provincial consent to amendments could be found. The provinces tended to argue that unanimity was necessary, whereas Ottawa sought some form of majority ratification. Because of this disagreement, Britain remained, somewhat uncomfortably, the constitutional custodian.

When the provincial premiers and Mr. Trudeau were unable to reach an agreement after weeks of negotiation in 1980, he tried to proceed unilaterally, ramming a resolution through Parliament. He intended to send it to London for confirmation, arguing that the British could ignore provincial feelings, relying solely on the government of Canada. What would have been a quite ugly confrontation with the Thatcher government was averted when Canada's Supreme Court, at the instance of the provinces, ruled that the Trudeau strategy was both legal and unconstitutional. That legal nicety derailed the Trudeau express and drove the parties back to the bargaining table. This time all provinces except Quebec were able to agree with a revised draft from Ottawa. Quebec claimed a veto power, but the other provinces demurred, believing that René Lévesque was practicing separatism, not bargaining in good faith.

DESPITE all the torrents of words provoked by the rewrite, there is substantial doubt about the real effect of any of the revisions, particularly the Charter of Rights. One baneful result is the adoption of some American-style restraints on collection of evidence by the police. Although Mr. Trudeau shows great enthusiasm for restricting the import of American capital and managerial skills, he is eager to give Canadians the worst of Earl Warren.

Even before the wax is dry on the Royal seal, the centrifugal forces which have been accelerating during the Trudeau era are reasserting themselves. The first-ever separatist to be elected in Alberta won in a landslide. Quebec's financial situation is deteriorating alarmingly under the impact of the social-democratic policies which were the key to the Parti Québecois election victories; rather than accepting the blame himself, Mr. Lévesque is blaming Confederation for his province's plight.

The key to Quebec's hopes for recovery is the massive James Bay electricity project of Hydro-Quebec, one of the world's biggest utilities, and the biggest private borrower in the Eurobond market last year. This government-owned corporation is able to undertake such megaprojects because of a $600-million annual profit on transmission of power from Newfoundland's Churchill Falls power dams. That deal forces Newfoundland to sell electricity to Hydro-Quebec at the equivalent of $1.50 a barrel of oil. As bad as it is, the price is fixed for fifty years, and then is actually slated to *decline*.

Newfoundland has tried to revise the terms of the arrangement, but Quebec says a deal's a deal. It even refuses permission for Newfoundland to develop other power sites and ship electricity to the U.S. through Quebec. Quebec still maintains that Labrador (the mainland portion of Newfoundland) actually belongs to Quebec and that the British court decision in 1927 confirming Newfoundland's ownership is invalid.

Feisty Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford has just won a smashing reelection victory on his policy of fighting Quebec's right to cheap Churchill power and Ottawa's claim to offshore oil (such as the 1.8-billion-barrel Hibernia discovery). The Newfoundland Court of Appeal has recently, in a unanimous decision, affirmed his contention that Newfoundland can void the power deal by taking over ownership of the water before it reaches the power dams. That decision now goes to the Supreme Court of Canada, which will also hear the arguments about offshore oil.

If Newfoundland wins on Churchill Falls, Hydro-Quebec's financial viability is suddenly in doubt, which would cause consternation for lenders around the world, including American institutions that have invested billions. It would also throw Quebec into a crisis, and would provoke a separatist firestorm. Mr. Lévesque would undoubtedly use the fact that English Canadians dominate the Court to try to convince Quebeckers that all hope of fairness within Confederation is gone.

(Continues on page 579)

Mr. Coxe, NR*'s man in Canada, is president of Mu-Cana Investment Counseling, Ltd.*

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Diplomacy, Shuttle & Straight

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE FALKLANDS crisis is a vulnerable subject to pick at long range, but the way it occurred does prompt some thoughts about the professional handling of international affairs.

If I am not mistaken, John Foster Dulles inaugurated the age of the airborne foreign minister, and that was before the jet made shuttle diplomacy possible. Without it, Henry Kissinger would not have captured the world's headlines; nor would Alexander Haig be demolishing his metabolism by continent-hopping across the time zones. But the bureaucracies they represent have taken, are taking, a revenge all their own, by blocking initiatives of which they disapprove and offering incumbent ministers a choice of safe options none of which (for example) will impede in any way the Soviet drive for world domination.

The case of Britain's late Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, is illuminating. His decision to resign from the only job he really wanted (his description) was noble and honorable. What is surprising is the mass of testimonials he has received for his actual conduct of Britain's foreign policy.

Lord Carrington was incontestably the most popular Foreign Secretary for many years; but why? Apart from his natural charm and wit, there was a more profound reason. The Foreign and Commonwealth Office (FCO) loved him because they knew from the first that he would never upset them with unwelcome new ideas and would always accept their advice (or at any rate one of the options presented to him for his choice).

Any Agreement Goes

Now the FCO is one of the best professional services of its kind in the world, rather like a Rolls-Royce in terms of quiet, purring efficiency. But it shares with other great diplomatic services, including signally the Department of State and the Quai d'Orsay, the professional deformation that consists of supposing that all conflicts can be resolved by negotiation and that any agreement is better than none.

Inevitably, I shall cite examples that have appeared before in this column, because they help to put the Falklands, and Lord Carrington, in focus.

Example 1: Laos, 1961-62. The Geneva conference of that period produced what was widely hailed as a settlement of a particularly thorny question. The basis of the "settlement" was a marriage against nature between the "three tendencies" of Laotian politics: Communists, neutralists, and anti-Communists. In due course, the Communists swallowed the others. Final outcome: a defeat for the West.

Example 2: Rhodesia/Zimbabwe, 1979-80. When the British Conservatives came to power in May 1979, an "internal settlement" had already been reached between the white minority, led by Ian Smith, and an important section of the black majority, under Bishop Muzorewa. The settlement was later confirmed in general elections widely held to have been free and fair.

At this point, two options were open. One was to recognize the Smith-Muzorewa government and help it to defeat the terrorists. Lord Carrington and the Foreign Office did not hesitate: they opted instead for appeasement in the form of negotiations with the militant guerrilla groups. Everybody agrees that Lord Carrington conducted the subsequent negotiations with exemplary skill, patience, and tact. The results have been coming in stages. In the first stage, Robert Mugabe, as the leader of the largest tribal group, won the elections. Eclipse of Smith-Muzorewa. Joshua Nkomo, leader of the smaller, Soviet-backed group, was given a seat in the Cabinet. Everybody was agreeably surprised by the intelligence and apparent reasonableness of Prime Minister Mugabe. The whites were pulling out, of course, but many of them began to think they could make a go of it and stayed on. Particularly encouraging was Mugabe's reluctance to allow the Russians to open an embassy in Salisbury.

The third stage is in full swing right now. Mugabe changed his mind about the Russians and brought in a large team of Moscow's North Korean surrogates to help train his forces. Tipped off, it is said, by the Soviets, he seized various arms dumps, claiming that they were built up to enable Nkomo to stage a coup. Nkomo is under house arrest, the white exodus is gathering momentum, and Mugabe has made it clear that he is leading Zimbabwe toward a one-party state (yet another one for Africa). The delayed outcome, then, is a major defeat for the West, with a gravely increased threat to South Africa, whose minerals are indispensable to the West's survival. (It is also, incidentally, a defeat for the black inhabitants of Zimbabwe, whose relative prosperity under enlightened white rule is now being fast eroded.)

Repeat Performances

Examples 3, 4, and 5: Namibia, "Palestine," and Afghanistan. Having been told on all sides that he had pulled off a personal triumph in Zimbabwe, Lord Carrington developed the itch to repeat it in other places. The most immediately tempting candidate for his skills was Namibia (South-West Africa) where, with a little luck and patience, the South Africans could be pressured into allowing UN-supervised elections that would almost certainly bring the guerrilla group known as SWAPO to power. Just for memory, SWAPO is a full-fledged Soviet surrogate, armed and trained by Cubans and East Germans on the soil of neighboring Marxist Angola. Fortunately, the advent of the Reagan Administration deprived the Foreign Office of the glory of bringing about another Marxist-Leninist state in Africa.

The most absurd of Lord Carrington's initiatives was the proposal for a conference to persuade the Soviets to leave Afghanistan (*NR*, August 7, 1981). Predictably, the Soviet leaders snubbed him when he went to Moscow to sell the idea.

As for "Palestine," this is where we came in. Lord Carrington insisted on going to Israel just as the Argentine threat to the Falklands was becoming unmistakable. Having opted for a hypothetical success instead of coping with an actual danger, he felt he had let the side down and bowed out. A pity about diplomacy. □

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JEFFREY HART

Brideshead Indeed Revisited

TWO SHARPLY DEFINED images of Evelyn Waugh remain in the mind, one from the beginning of his career, one from near the end. First, the portrait painted by Henry Lamb of the 26-year-old aesthete and dandy: Waugh had just published his first novel, *Decline and Fall*, a *succès de scandal*, and there he sits, thin, elegant, and impenetrable in a plum-colored coat and wide red polka-dot tie, his disconcerting china-blue eyes fixed upon us in cool and discomfiting judgment. Waugh's attitude in the portrait is quietly but deliberately outrageous, and there is no hint of apology and no explanation.

The later image of Waugh is very different in outward appearance, though the underlying substance remains the same. This time it is a photograph of the established author in his middle fifties, now a figure of international importance. He has grown rather portly, and we are not surprised to learn that it is his habit to consume impressive quantities of alcohol, that, indeed, it is necessary for him to undergo a periodic "cure." His eyes remain disconcerting, and now the invisible barrier one sensed earlier is concretely present: Waugh is looking out over a picket fence on his estate at Piers Court, and on the fence at about chest level there is a large sign: ENTREE INTERDITE AUX PROMENEURS. The comedy of the photograph resides in its own ironic awareness of the central message: Keep Out. It is in his evolving fiction that we gain entrance to the emotional and spiritual development of this extraordinary twentieth century artist.

The recent televised version of *Brideshead Revisited* ought to refocus our attention on Waugh, and on that much misunderstood novel. The fact of the matter is that *Brideshead* belongs in a poignantly transitional stage of the Waugh sequence of stories. The pattern of this sequence is classically Christian, and can be found in Augustine, Dante, and Eliot, to mention only a few minor exemplars. It moves from death-in-life to spiritual rebirth. Waugh even wrote his *Waste Land* in *A Handful of Dust*. *Brideshead* is his *Ash Wednesday*, his transitional work, mediating between time and eternity.

No one who has responded to the Oxford scenes in *Brideshead*, whether in the novel or on the television screen, can doubt that the pleasures of time are real. Charles Ryder's first year at Oxford, with Sebastian and Anthony Blanche, is a pastoral, an idyll. Nothing is very serious, and no one is much hurt. This is the garden, poignant and pagan. "If it could only be like this always," Sebastian says, "—always summer, always alone, the fruit always ripe and Aloysius in a good temper."

But then eternity peeks in. "*Et in Arcadia ego*"—"Even in Arcadia there am I"—was the macabre inscription on the skull amid the roses in Charles's rooms at Oxford. Much later, toward the end of the story, Lord Marchmain, a once-Byronic figure who has for years been living on the Continent with a former dancer, Cara, comes home to his ancestral English estate to die. As if responding to some buried whim, he has the large and antique "Queen's bed" set up in the Chinese drawing-room, and the entire episode has a sort of baroque splendor. The weeks pass as the old nobleman gradually sinks, first propped among his pillows and sipping champagne, then sinking into bemused reverie, at length succumbing to periods of unconsciousness. The Flytes are Catholics, Lady Marchmain's side old Catholics, Lord Marchmain a convert, but Lord Marchmain left the Church when he deserted his wife and took up with Cara, and now he resists all efforts at religious reconciliation, rejecting even the last rites when proffered by the local priest. Marchmain's final moments, however, are pivotal, and not only for *Brideshead Revisited*, but for an understanding of the shape, the meaning, of Waugh's entire *œuvre*. When Marchmain has at last sunk into his final state of unconsciousness, has virtually left the world or is, at the very least, well on his way out of it, his daughter Julia decides to have Extreme Unction administered to him despite his rejection of it when conscious.

> Suddenly Lord Marchmain moved his hand to his forehead; I thought he had felt the touch of the chrism and was wiping it away. "O God," I prayed, "don't let him do that." But there was no need for fear; the hand moved slowly down his breast, then to his shoulder, and Lord Marchmain made the sign of the cross. Then I knew that the sign I had asked for was not a little thing, not a passing nod of recognition, and a phrase came back to me from my childhood of the veil of the temple being rent from top to bottom.

All of the commentary I have seen on this crucial episode has been utterly beside the point. Edmund Wilson thinks that what caused Ryder to "plump on his knees"—a very hostile formulation—was not "the sign of the cross but the

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prestige, in the person of Lord Marchmain, of one of the oldest families in England." For Wilson, Waugh is a snob, and "his cult of the high nobility is allowed to become so rapturous and solemn that it finally gives the impression of being the only real religion in the book." In his essay on Waugh in *Maria Cross*, Conor Cruise O'Brien takes the same critical line; and indeed this judgment is commonplace enough. But the scene of Marchmain's death surely demands not only a different but in fact an opposite interpretation.

As the scene commences, Ryder is in the realm of "courtesy," that is, of manners or society, the realm he has inhabited from the beginning of his story. He wishes for a "sign" for the sake of Julia's feelings, "for the sake of the woman I loved, who knelt in front of me." But the sign when it does come has nothing to do with courtesy or with Julia's feelings. The whole force of the description locates Marchmain beyond the realm in which courtesy matters. He has given "the sort of sigh I had imagined people made at the moment of death." He is unconscious, facing eternity, nearer death than life. He is beyond personal relationships altogether. From this standpoint "courtesy" is indeed a "little thing," as is aristocratic birth—no help to Marchmain now—or membership in one of the oldest families in England. And the sign when it comes is apprehended by Ryder as precisely not courtesy; it has nothing to do with people still in the world. *"Then I knew that the sign I had asked for was not a little thing, not a passing nod of recognition, and a phrase came back to me from my childhood of the veil of the temple being rent from top to bottom."*

For Ryder the sign points beyond the world, it defines the world *as* world. The moment is anything but courteous, and it has nothing to do with aristocracy, which, ideally, perfects the realm of courtesy. Instead Ryder experiences, in Eliot's words, *"The point of intersection of the timeless / With time."* The phrase that comes back to Ryder from his childhood about the veil of the temple being rent from top to bottom makes the meaning here almost explicit. The

No, Charles Ryder does not, Mr. Wilson, 'plump on his knees' before the Marquis of Marchmain

allusion is to Matthew's account of Christ's crucifixion: "Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost. And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom."

It would seem that both Edmund Wilson and Conor Cruise O'Brien suffer from some form of invincible ignorance in their interpretation of this scene. Paradoxically, "aristocracy" is more important to *them*, though in a negative way, than it is here to Ryder. To them, *not* liking aristocracy is morally important, but in this scene we become aware of the comprehending democracy of death.

What Waugh has hold of here is one of the fundamental and shaping insights of the West, a new understanding of the meaning of death.

Let us consider the point for a moment historically. Around the year 1000, St. Odilo of Cluny devised the Mass for the Feast of All Souls, no doubt responding to something which had been accumulating in his religious culture and only then had become manifest. The Feast of All Souls stood in a partially contradictory relationship to the Feast of All Saints, a day of triumph and celebration for the redeemed. As Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy has pointed out in his seminal book *Out of Revolution*, All Souls is comprehensive rather than exclusive, and the monks of Cluny prayed not only for the members of their own order, or, as had been the medieval custom, for the members of any particular social category.

St. Odilo's Mass of All Souls is full of deep shadows, but it also possessed a tremendous power. In requiring prayers for "*omnes omnimodo fideles*"—all who awaited the Last Judgment, all who had been or ever would be—Odilo perceived a universal bond. The *dies irae* became the anthem of a universal democracy of the dead. The felt fact that man is like grass, like a shadow, his days nought, cut across all social distinctions and distanced them.

This is beautifully and dramatically illustrated by the Austrian funeral ritual for the Emperor, a figure who stood at the very pinnacle of the medieval hierarchy. In this ritual, the corpse of the dead monarch was carried to the door of an abbey. The chamberlain leading the cortege knocks at the door. A friar opens the window and asks, "Who knocks?" The answer comes: "The Emperor." Friar: "I know no man of that name." He closes the window. The chamberlain knocks again. The window opens. Friar: "Who is there?" Chamberlain: "The Emperor Francis Joseph." The window closing again—"We do not know him." The chamberlain knocks again, the question is repeated, and after a moment of thought the chamberlain answers, "Brother Francis." Then the doors swing open and the body of the "emperor," now a "brother" under the aspect of death, can enter the abbey.

No, Charles Ryder does not, Mr. Wilson, "plump on his knees" before the Marquis of Marchmain.

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The distinction between time and the timeless is, in fact, the subject of *Brideshead Revisited*, and Charles Ryder, who tells the tale, is a man in mid-passage experiencing the impact of that distinction upon the life he had known. The fact that Ryder is telling the story, that he is a man in mid-passage—that he is not Evelyn Waugh—is another point that eludes critics like Wilson and O'Brien. As Ryder tells the story (and the name Ryder is suggestive in several ways), the first part of the book is a delight, and Oxford itself is a sort of earthly paradise. Again, as Ryder tells the story, the second half of the book, when the claims of eternity become more and more insistent, seems depressing in the extreme. Good grief! Is *this* what belief entails?

Waugh relentlessly sharpens the contrast between the earthly paradise of those early days, all the more poignant because presented in elegiac retrospect, and the grim demands of reality as he conceives of it in this novel. Pagan Oxford is beautiful; the demands of Christianity are terrible; but the novel affirms the latter. Whether or not we agree with this version of Christianity, it has ample historical precedent; and in any case that is the way this novel in fact proceeds. Eternity is insistent. "Ridiculous," as Eliot wrote, "the waste sad time stretching before and after."

And here it is appropriate to take account of the claims of Lady Marchmain and the role she plays in the novel. In common-sense secular terms, her record is not very good. Her husband lives abroad with the Italian "lady of the theater"; Sebastian loves his Nanny and his Teddy bear; Bridey and Julia have their obvious flaws and disabilities. I take it that Lady Marchmain, if not a saint, is at least possessed of saintliness, and that those qualities make her difficult and even destructive in the mundane dimension of time. But that, the novel seems to say, is tough. What matters is the eternal and the holy. What matters is the destination, the Church, which gathers in even poor Rex Mottram.

As the two realms of time and eternity collide, the results are painful, and all the more so because of the beauty of those early Oxford sequences, so lyrically expressed in the music composed for the television version. But, beautiful as they are, and perhaps because they are so beautiful, they amount only to a counterfeit eternity.

In the end, despite the romantic interlude, Ryder does not marry Julia Flyte: that kind of love ends in nothing. Cordelia grows up into a plain and pious young woman who really knows little about her faith, and goes off with the ambulance corps to Spain. The once magical Sebastian becomes a tiresome alcoholic and drifts from place to place in the hot sun of the Mediterranean; finally, as a hanger-on and handyman for a monastery near Carthage, he may have achieved holiness. Cordelia describes his likely end to Ryder: "If he lives long enough, generations of missionaries in all kinds of remote places will think of him as a queer old character who was somehow part of the Hope of their student days, and remember him in their Masses. He'll develop little eccentricities of devotion, intense personal cults of his own; he'll be found in the chapel at odd times and missed when he's expected. Then one morning, after one of his drinking bouts, he'll be picked up at the gate dying . . ."

The contrast between this and the opening chapters is excruciating. The Sebastian we meet at Oxford is a creature of enormous charm, and Waugh is able to make us feel its full force. Ryder's meeting with him is appropriately outrageous—Sebastian, after an evening of drinking, vomiting in through Ryder's open window—and his everyday appearance possesses great panache: "Sebastian entered—dove-grey flannel, white crepe-de-chine, a Charvet tie, my tie as it happened, a pattern of postage stamps"; and his behavior is unforgettably whimsical: "Beyond the gate, beyond the winter garden that was once the lodge, stood an open, two-seater Morris-Cowley. Sebastian's Teddy bear sat at the wheel. We put him between us—'Take care he's not sick'—and drove off. The bells of St. Mary's were chiming nine; we escaped collision with a clergyman, black-straw-hatted, white-bearded, pedaling quietly down the wrong side of the High Street, crossed Carfax, passed the station, and were soon in open country on the Botley Road; open country was easily reached in those days." Or take another vignette: "Sebastian lived at Christ Church, high in Meadow Buildings. He was alone when I came, peeling a plover's egg taken from the large nest of moss in the center of the table . . ."

In Waugh's novel, beauty is not truth; at best it points toward the truth

These opening sections on Oxford constitute a pastoral idyll, prelapsarian, reminiscent not only of Beerbohm and Compton Mackenzie's dreaming spires, but also of the pastoral lovers on Keats's Grecian Urn. Indeed, *Brideshead Revisited* in one of its aspects is a reply to Keats's great poem. In Waugh's novel, beauty is not truth; at best it points toward the truth: Sebastian and Julia are "forerunners." But these pastoral scenes do present a world of freedom, of vividness, of exotic but lyric beauty. It is all the more poignant because of the shadows present even then. Sebastian's Teddy bear is charming, but also ominous; and when he takes Ryder home to Brideshead he wishes only to introduce him to his Nanny.

And that Oxford is irrevocably a part of the past, not only because the characters in the novel soon leave Oxford and become enmeshed in the complicated destinies of adulthood, but because history itself has intervened and transformed all that beauty. Recalling it from the perspective of World War II, Ryder touches on the historical loss which forms the background for the lives of these characters: "Oxford—submerged now and obliterated, irrecoverable as Lyonnesse, so quickly have the waters come flooding in—Oxford, in those days, was still a city of aquatint. In her spacious and quiet streets men walked and spoke as they had done in Newman's day; her autumnal mists, her grey springtime, and the rare glory of her summer days—such as that day—when the chestnut was in flower and the bells rang out high and clear over her gables and cupolas, exhaled the soft vapors of a thousand years of learning. It was this cloistral hush which gave our laughter its resonance, and carried it still, joyously, over the intervening clamor."

But that is the way time really is, and that is what this powerful novel is all about. The transitory beauty of the world is always dying. What matters is the eternal Logos. □

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IDEOLOGY V

REVISITING CONSERVATISM

The Foundation and the Academy

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

THE SUMMER of 1953—an exciting time in the world at large—my wife and I and our two small children spent, as we had spent the previous two summers, atop a ten-thousand-foot peak in the Sawtooth Mountains of central Idaho, watching for forest fires for the Forest Service. One cannot imagine isolation more complete. And yet, in that isolation, we heard echoes of the great events unrolling in the world below. Stalin had died in March, and from our fire tower we heard of the abortive East German rebellion and of turmoil within the leadership of the Soviet Union. For a moment it seemed that the Soviet empire might come unraveled.

One day that summer I hiked four miles—and four thousand feet down—to meet the ranger and pick up a month's accumulation of mail. My mentor, Joseph Ward Swain, a distinguished scholar of the history of antiquity, had clipped various articles and reviews which he thought might be of interest. Among those clippings was a review, in the *New York Times Book Review* of May 17, of a book by a young historian at Michigan State College, Russell Kirk. The book, *The Conservative Mind: From Burke to Santayana*, had been a surprising success. As I read it in my lookout on Ruffleneck Peak I had no way of knowing that the book was an event on a par, in terms of influence, with the events in Moscow and Berlin. Russell Kirk's book was the beginning of the long decline of the left-liberal ascendancy which had gripped American cultural and intellectual life since the turn of the century.

It is important to realize that the modern American conservative movement began with a book, and that the first conservatives were not politicians but intellectuals. In November 1955 the first number of Bill Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW appeared. Again, it was the work of intellectuals and not of politicians. In those days Washington and the seats of power seemed very far away from the editorial and academic redoubts of that earnest and embattled little band of conservatives.

Liberal intellectuals who had become minimally aware of the conservative insurgence were scornful, malignant, even hateful in the tone they adopted toward it. Dwight Macdonald published an article in *Commentary* (the pre-Podhoretz *Commentary*) in April 1956, five months after the birth of NATIONAL REVIEW, entitled "Scrambled Eggheads on the Right." The tone of Macdonald's article was not unlike that of his title. He denounced the intellectuals and academicians who wrote for NATIONAL REVIEW as obscure, eccentric, "intellectually underprivileged" provincials. The journal was, Macdonald scornfully said, "the voice of the lumpen-bourgeoisie."

It is important to ask how the ideas of such a small band of despised intellectuals could, in the course of three decades, come to dominate the political scene. Many factors help to explain this transformation of American political and cultural life, and I shall do no more than adumbrate the impact of ideas, their locus in men and institutions, and the way in which they found public resonance.

Three Sets of Ideas

Political revolutions do not begin at political conventions and party caucuses, but as ideas in the minds of a few individuals. Politics is epiphenomenal and the world of the spirit is determinative. That is why John Maynard Keynes wrote in the much-quoted final paragraph of *The General Theory*:

> The ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back. I am sure that the power of vested interests is vastly exaggerated compared with the gradual encroachment of ideas. Not, indeed, immediately, but after a certain interval; for in the field of economic and political philosophy there are not many who are influenced by new theories after they are 25 or thirty years of age, so that the ideas which civil servants and politicians and even agitators apply to current events are not likely to be the newest. But, soon or late, it is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good or evil.

It is important to understand that from the outset the conservative movement has been, not a unitary movement, but an ideological alliance of three different sets of ideas. They

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are all, to be sure, united by their hostility to the left-liberal establishment, but their opposition to the status quo, statism, socialism, welfarism, and a value-free society takes different forms and different distributions of intensity.

Like the liberal political establishment which it is replacing, the conservative movement is a coalition of minorities, and both its strength and its vulnerability derive from this fact. It will be successful as a political movement only so long as its leadership is able to compromise on important differences and contain the tension of conflict.

But what are the chief constituent elements in this new ideological coalition?

The Anti-Communists

The first of these groups is the anti-Communist, anti-Soviet "cold warriors." The cold war was not the creation of the anti-Communist Right; Harry Truman and Dean Acheson were liberals in good standing, and it was they who initiated the American opposition to Soviet expansion. Nonetheless, it was the anti-Soviet Right that provided an articulate and philosophically defensible position from which to challenge Soviet expansionism—which it was able to do not least because so many of its members were former Communists.

Whittaker Chambers paved the way with the publication, in 1952, of *Witness*, an autobiographical account of Chambers's break with Communism and modernity. This book will, I am convinced, become one of the great historical documents of the twentieth century. Frank Meyer, former Rhodes scholar and Communist Party organizer, was, until his death in 1972, one of the most important conservative intellectuals in the NATIONAL REVIEW group. No small part of his influence was due to his lively, engaging, and combative personality, and to his ability to identify and attract young talent to the movement.

James Burnham, who had broken with the Trotskyist faction of the Communist movement, was also a pivotal figure in the NATIONAL REVIEW circle. Although personally more distant than the engaging Frank Meyer, he was intellectually more powerful. This is not totally surprising: the Trotskyist faction was the brain trust of the Communist movement, and much of the vigor of the early conservative movement and of present-day neoconservatism derives from ex-Trotskyist converts. (Daniel Bell is a good example, and I expect to hear any day that Irving Howe has made the announcement of his conversion.) One ought to recall that Irving Kristol and his wife, Gertrude Himmelfarb, were leading figures in the Trotskyist Club at the University of Chicago.

In the history of the conservative movement, William S. (Willi) Schlamm, former German Communist and editor of the *Wiener Weltbühne*, emerges as a key figure behind the scenes. As editorial assistant to Henry Luce at *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* he exerted a powerful influence upon the formation of American public opinion. But he also knew the men who could be recruited into the conservative movement, and he had an uncanny sense of the issues which would confront that movement.

To be sure there were other important traditions represented in the anti-Communist branch of the conservative movement of the 1950s. Figures such as Gerhart Niemeyer and Stefan Possony had never made the pilgrimage to Moscow, and William Henry Chamberlin, like many others who had an intimate knowledge of the Soviet Union, had very little love for it.

One thing, though, that all these intellectuals inside and outside the academy had in common was that, while insisting on the importance of armed resistance to Communist imperialism, they believed very strongly that the final defeat of Communism would take place in the minds and hearts of men rather than on the field of battle. They, as a group, had then and have now no illusion that the battle can be won solely through the accumulation of military power by the West.

This conviction gave them a point of contact with the second large bloc within the conservative movement, the cultural conservatives. The cultural conservatives were responding to changes taking place in American society. Pre-Vatican II American Catholicism was particularly important in providing leadership and recruits to this movement. (In this, American Catholicism anticipated by twenty years the development of conservatism within Evangelical Protestantism and the growth of the Moral Majority.)

The cultural conservatives were elitist, patriarchal, hierarchical, and, in important respects, anti-capitalistic—or, more accurately, "pre-capitalistic"—in their cultural, social, and political theory. They were concerned with boundaries, standards, and excellence. They were frankly intolerant and anti-permissive. They asserted that culture was produced by elites and destroyed by "the masses." They preferred private to public education. They scorned the goal of a secularist society and believed that religion and a civic morality rooted in religious values were essential to the survival of the Republic. They believed that the destruction of boundaries and limits and the decay of standards would lead to the decline of the Republic. The chief and most articulate

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spokesman of the cultural conservatives was, and is, Russell Kirk. Their most thoughtful and original thinker was Richard M. Weaver, professor, until his death, at the University of Chicago. Their cultural heroes might be—indeed, often were—of the "modernist" Right rather than the avant-garde Left.

An important sub-group of this movement is the followers of Leo Strauss. Strauss was one of the most distinguished German-Jewish émigrés to come to the United States in flight from Hitler. For more than a generation he trained graduate students in political theory at the University of Chicago. His knowledge was exhaustive and his standards demanding, and his lifestyle permitted his students to glimpse what it meant to devote one's life to study.

In my opinion it is this second broad group—the cultural conservatives—which is the most authentically conservative and will, in the long run, have the most profound influence on our society. Though sometimes it seems bent on conserving the form rather than the spirit of past cultural achievements, it presents an important alternative to the sometimes mindless modernist secular humanism of our time.

Not entirely coincidentally, the cultural conservatives have found themselves most frequently in conflict with the values of the third bloc within the conservative movement, the economists. While the cultural conservatives, moving in the political tradition of Edmund Burke, believed that the state performs a positive role within the society, the economists —whether Austrian, English neoclassical, or native American, like Frank Knight at the University of Chicago—believed that state intervention in the life of society, especially in economic matters, is nearly always destructive. Consequently the economics of the marketplace have frequently had important cultural and political corollaries: it is only a small step from market economics to libertarianism.

In many respects the economists have been the most coherent group within the conservative movement. Moreover, they have had more immediate access to patronage, academic positions, and government influence than any other group. While Hayek and von Mises occupied the limelight, the Chicago school and its farm teams at UCLA and the University of Virginia produced graduate students who, in time, changed the complexion of American economic thought and finally transformed government policy. It would be a mistake to characterize this group as simply "anti-Keynesian" or to describe it as neo-liberal. It is a much more sophisticated and complicated movement than these designations suggest. These economists are scholars who have dared to think the unthinkable, who have defied the conventional wisdom, and who, even when they have been wrong, have been brilliantly wrong. It is not surprising then that many of them have come to believe that all human behavior can be explained in economic terms and that their particular economic insight is a kind of philosophers' stone which will unlock the last mysteries of the universe.

The economists and their libertarian allies have therefore found themselves in conflict with both the anti-Communist Right and the cultural conservatives. The economists have generally held that defense expenditures fuel the growth of statism; that war is the real father of the omnicompetent or the would-be omnicompetent state. As Peter Drucker so aptly put it, "the only thing the modern state has proved its competence in achieving is in inflating the currency and waging war." From the vantage point of the economists the answer to Communism and statism is the market. They tend to forget that men do not live by bread alone and that modern Europeans have become Communists oftener as a consequence of metaphysical anxiety than material deprivation. Cultural conservatives often find the narrow economic vision of second-generation American economists, in contrast to their great European mentors (men such as Hayek and von Mises, William Fellner, Gottfried Haberler, and Fritz Machlup—all men of deep culture), to be philistine, narrow, instrumental, and without any trace of broad humanistic concerns.

On the other hand, the economists believe that the anti-Communists and the cultural conservatives are often statists at heart. They were, the economists believe, at best indifferent to the growth of the state and its management of the economy so long as the state was anti-Communist and supported traditional cultural and moral values.

At the outset then the three major ideological groups in modern conservatism were divided in philosophy and isolated from one another within the academy. They were alienated from the dominant ideological tradition within the society and excluded from the chief sources of financial support in the academy, the philanthropic foundations, and the government which increasingly supported research and cultural creativity. So how was this movement of isolated individuals able to achieve a semblance of ideological unity, a measure of support for research, publication, and graduate students, and an organizational structure which eventually made it possible for the movement to become culturally and politically effective?

As a university professor I would like to be able to say

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But we're not going to do that. We're going to spend more on research and development than ever before. About $200 million. 32% more than last year.

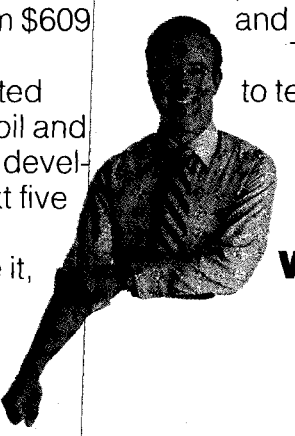
We're also increasing our capital spending to about $700 million. Up from $609 million in 1981.

And we've budgeted almost $3 billion for oil and gas exploration and development over the next five years.

The way we figure it, the choices we're making now are going to pay off later.

In the next decade, we expect our growth to be more and more profitable.

Then we'll have nothing to tell you but good news



ALLIED Corporation

We mean business.

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that the universities early identified conservative thought as a "comer" and encouraged it as they encouraged the regnant liberalism of the Establishment. Were I to make such a claim it would be a half-truth. For the most part the university as an official body was more apt to patronize the liberal Establishment than conservative innovators. Open hostility to conservative professors was not so much a matter of policy as a pervasive climate of opinion.

A Chilly Neutrality

It must be said to the credit of the universities that their academic morals were better than their ideological instincts, and that while they did not encourage they could not positively discourage the development of intellectual conservatism. A chilly neutrality on the part of the university and a sense of academic fair play made possible the continued development of the conservative movement as an intellectual force.

The decisive factor nonetheless in fostering the development of the conservative movement lay outside the university—in the publication of books and articles, for which conservatives owe an everlasting debt to such men as Henry Regnery and such journals as NATIONAL REVIEW and *Modern Age*, and in research, scholarship, journalism, and the training of graduate students. These latter activities are dependent upon patronage, though, and in the 1950s that patronage could come from only one place: a handful of foundations which deliberately chose to subsidize conservative intellectuals and their graduate students.

These foundations took seriously the mission of fostering diversity and debate, of stimulating innovation and providing alternative social and cultural solutions in a democratic society where the political tendency was toward the establishment of the tyranny of majority opinion.

The most important of these foundations was Relm-Earhart of Ann Arbor, Michigan, established by the late H. B. Earhart. Few foundations have been so imaginatively and brilliantly managed in the pursuit of innovative and non-establishment solutions to social problems. Today far greater foundation resources are available to conservative scholars. But in the early days of the movement the Relm-Earhart Foundations, together with the Volker Fund, were nearly alone in their patronage of the conservative movement.

It should not be assumed, however, that the Relm-Earhart Foundations devoted their resources exclusively to conservative causes or that graduate students subsidized by H. B. Earhart Fellowships were all certifiable conservatives. In fact, over half of the H. B. Earhart fellows never became conservatives. However, many of those who did become a part of the movement have both provided leadership within the academy and, especially recently, filled high government posts. In the first decade of the conservative movement talent was recruited and trained through a close working relationship between the Relm-Earhart Foundations, the Hoover Institution of Stanford University, and the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research of Washington, D.C. These institutions and the men who gave them imaginative leadership are unsung and even unknown heroes of the conservative movement.

These foundations and institutions performed yet another service for the conservative movement: they held its conflicting elements in some kind of unity. They served as patrons to the broad spectrum of conservative political, economic, and cultural philosophies. The foundations provided the centripetal force that kept the tension-filled philosophies of the movement from flying off, comet-like, into eccentric orbits. Today, political power serves much the same function. Conservative political power is based upon an alliance of minority intellectual perspectives. It will succeed only so long as these interests are held in balance, their claims compromised and adjusted to each other and their views given a minimal harmonization.

From all of this, it should be obvious why the Reagan Administration has not always practiced an ideologically coherent politics. As so often, we have seen ideological bedfellows making strange politics.

Finally, I want to point out that political victory is a real danger to any movement heavily dependent on ideas. The "corridors of power" are very different from the world of the academy. In order to remain dynamic the conservative movement must devote as much time and emphasis to ideas as it does to power. When the exercise of power becomes so beguiling that the theoretician is tempted to become the practitioner, conservatism will be in a bad way. The academician, the university, and the foundation remain essential to the future success of the conservative movement. □

A Modern Shepherd to His Love

(Note: The U.S. Census Bureau has adopted the term "persons of opposite sex sharing living quarters," or POSSLQ, to describe people "living together.")

Come live with me and be my POSSLQ,
And we will modern pleasures hard pursue;
We'll wring from our narcotics, sex, and strife
All pleasures to be had from city life.

And we will sit upon the tavern stools
And overhear the talk of drunken fools,
As jukebox speakers thunder through the bar
The noise of beaten drum and clawed guitar.

You will daily subtle drugs ingest
To neutralize unwanted fruitfulness;
Should any slip'ry actor wriggle through,
Th' abortionist will know just what to do.

A gown made of the finest acetate
That simpering designers could create,
The cowboy boots and colored hose so gay,
Your anorexic figure will display;

With spoon of finest gold for your cocaine
And crystalline syringe to banish pain:
Perhaps if you have nothing else to do,
You'll live with me and be my POSSLQ.

—JONATHAN SWIFT SOMERS II

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Consumer Orientation
No. 18 in a Series
Subject: Model Updating.
Keeping the 911
Forever Young.

18 Porsche 911

Every new Porsche 911 built today has the same basic design-concept as the first 911—built 18 years ago.

Yet virtually every one of the 911's components has been changed: further developed to make it better.

Consider the 911's engine: its displacement has been increased from the original 2 liters to today's 3 liters. And its output has been raised, correspondingly, from 130 hp to 172 hp.

Today, on the track, the 911 accelerates from 0 to 60 mph in only 6.8 seconds. And it has a maximum speed of 139 mph.

Years ago, Porsche racing-car engineers began studying aerodynamic lift forces—which increase with the square of a vehicle's speed and can adversely affect handling.

As a result, today the 911 is equipped with an integral front spoiler to combat lift and optimize its handling characteristics.

Even the 911's sheet metal has been optimized: all of its sheet steel is hot dip galvanized—on both sides—in a 500°C liquid zinc bath. This produces a protective zinc coating on the sheet steel that actually *grows* into any damaged portion of the paint skin, plugging pinholes and preventing further corrosion.

At Porsche, excellence is expected.

For your nearest dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

The Porsche 911 was first produced in 1964. Through constant development, improvement, and innovation—it is newer and more modern than many cars designed since. In both concept and reality, the 911 is forever young.

PORSCHE + AUDI
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE
©1982 Porsche Audi

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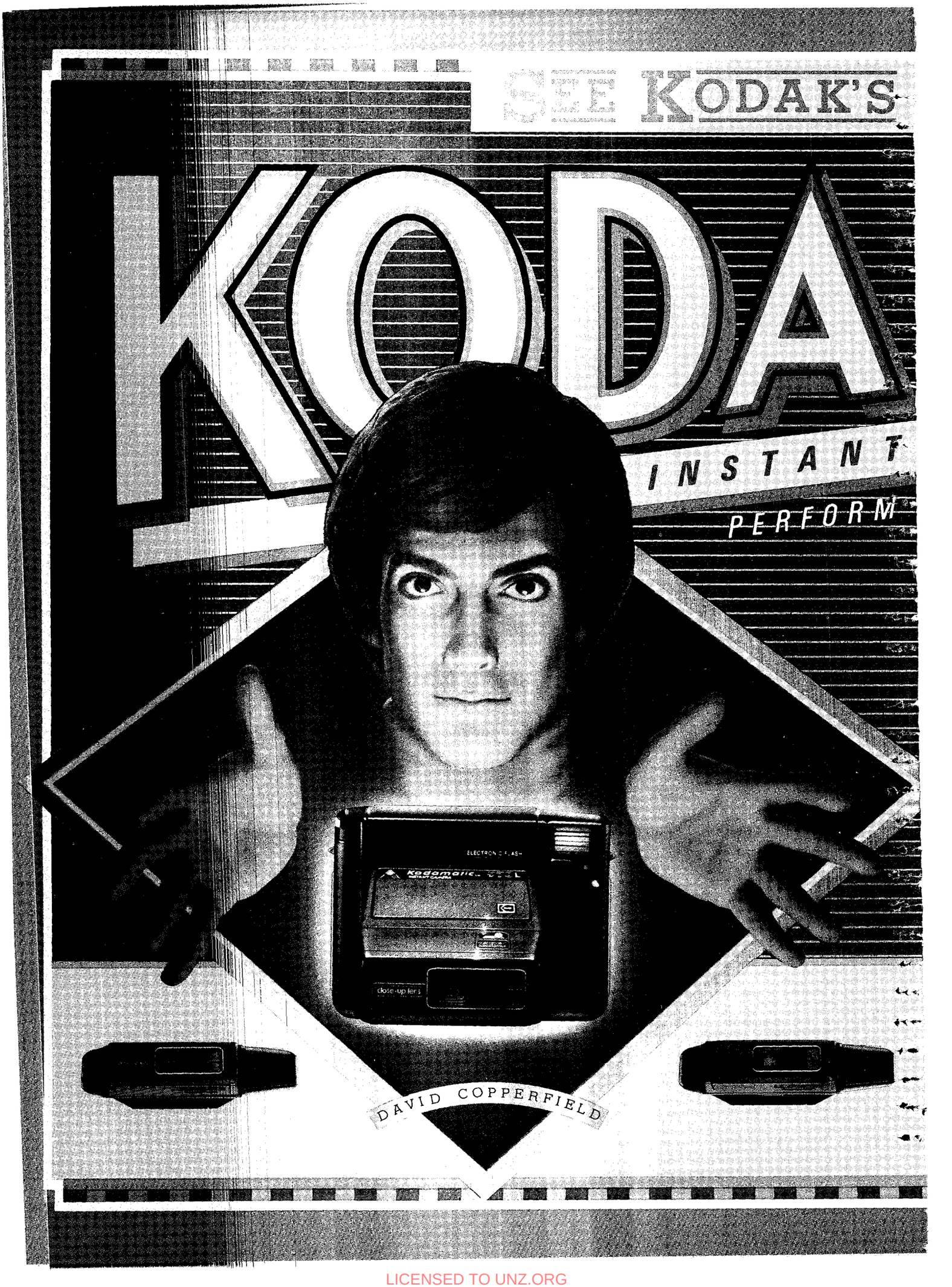

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EXCITING NEW

KODAMATIC™

CAMERAS AND FILM

FEATS OF MAGIC BEFORE YOUR EYES

Any light is automatically right for beautiful pictures within the range of our uncanny electronic flash-every-time.

Hocus pocus, nothing to focus. With both the KODAMATIC 970L, with its built-in close-up lens, and the 960, all you have to do is aim and shoot.

© Eastman Kodak Company 1982

You won't miss a trick. The KODAMATIC electronic flash recharges itself so fast, it's ready for almost anything.

The film is quicker than the eye. It's so quick, you get crisp images in stunning color by Kodak under most picture-taking conditions.

Magical warranty. The 970L is warranted for a full 5 years, the 960 for 3! If, with normal use, your camera malfunctions, return it for free repair through your dealer in Kodak products.

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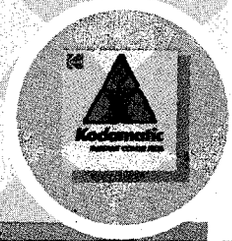

CAPTURE ALL THE MAGIC IN AN INSTANT

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'FREE SPEECH RADIO'

Off in the Ozone Again

A. P. KOBRYN

"LAST WEEK . . . the other week . . . I did a program on the Reagan program . . . the Reagan economics . . . and I was really surprised at the number of people who called up to support . . . I mean . . . I don't know what's *happening* out there . . ."

Indeed.

WBAI, 99.5 FM in New York, Eastern outlet of the California-based Pacifica Foundation, is once again alive and well and groping its tendentious if tentative way through the myriad imagined horrors of the Reagan night toward its own vision of a relentlessly progressive dawn. Pacifica was founded in 1949 by "poet, journalist" (and World War II conscientious objector) Lewis Hill in order to promote "Listener-Supported, Listener-Sponsored Free-Speech Radio" as the answer to what he perceived, from the vantage point of his failed journalistic ambitions and his rigid pacifist bias, as the right-wing anti-Communist and cold-war-mongering bias of the commercial media.

Pacifica has come a long way since then. The tax-exempt "educational" foundation proudly lists five stations to its credit (in addition to WBAI: KPFA, 94 FM in Berkeley; KPFK, 90.7 FM in Los Angeles; KPFT, 90 FM in Houston; and WPFW, 89.3 FM in Washington, D.C.) as well as a National News Service, a Washington Bureau, a satellite link-up, an extensive alumni network within National Public Radio, and a veritable plethora of federal and state grants for "equipment," "training," and the like.

All this in pursuit of Truth—as defined, of course, by Pacifica and WBAI. It seems, to be sure, a strangely selective definition to a mere outsider, but it is taken very seriously indeed by Pacifica and station management. This Truth seems to consist of, for example, in-depth analyses by the Mobilization for Survival, the Institute for Policy Studies, and other left-wing organizations. Or on-the-air declarations by the station's Directors of Public Affairs and International Affairs that the real intent of the Reagan Administration is —quite literally—"planned genocide." Or the solemn warning that we must not be duped by Jonas Savimbi, leader of UNITA, the pro-Western rebel group in Angola, since he is "one of the most dangerous puppets that the African continent has had the misfortune to produce." Or the in-passing observation of a late-night talk-show host that the United States is, after all, the most malign force in the history of the planet.

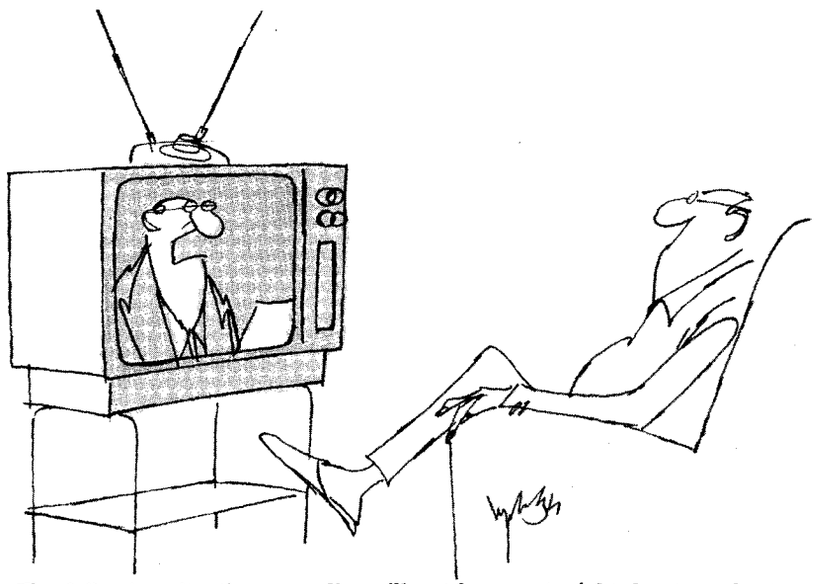
The list of such outrages is very long indeed. They are by no means—as Pacifica customarily insists—atypical and unavoidable instances of excess or indelicacy resulting from a noble commitment to Free Speech. Rather, they are the result of another commitment entirely.

WBAI—and Pacifica—which survived a catastrophic loss of its listenership throughout the 1970s solely by virtue of some $2.5 million in federal grants, believes it has found its salvation in the Reagan Administration. And it would seem to be right. For, by diligently feeding its own most paranoid fantasies as well as those of its listeners, the station is prospering. In its first fund-raising marathon after Reagan's inauguration the station elicited a level of response characterized by its News Director as nothing less than "fervent." The recurring theme throughout this tireless pitch for funds was the "fascist" and "repressive" character of the new era represented by the accession of the Reaganites to power. "Free Speech, First Amendment Radio" was constantly proclaimed to be in imminent peril.

IN ADDITION to the on-going thematic assault, a special day of programming was devoted exclusively to the excoriation of the new President, and another day to an assault which characterized New York's Mayor Koch as reactionary, racist, capitalist (a highly favored epithet), and genocidal (equally favored). Still another day was devoted to American "neo-colonialist" policies throughout the world. Any listener with the temerity to challenge this "analysis" during phone-in segments was met with hostility, personal invective, or—at best —very short shrift, while those who phoned in to express their earnest and solemn agreement were warmly applauded for their insight into the true nature of the struggle against capitalism and for the "liberation of all peoples."

All of which raises, in the sharpest possible terms, the question of the real

(Continues on page 578)



". . . The following situation comedies will not be seen tonight due to a shortage of canned laughter."

Mr. Kobryn, a poet and novelist, is a former producer at WBAI. His most recent novel is Poseidon's Shadow.

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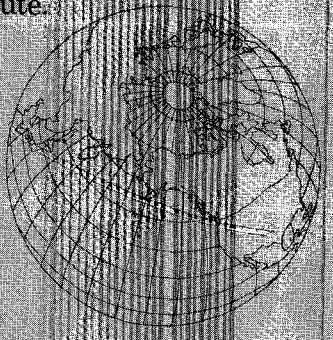
A people who would leave a water jar on their porch for a thirsty passer-by, need little training in the art of hospitality. This charming custom of Thailand has long been the children's chore.

A Thai stewardess begins learning her job as a child. The smile, the shy charm, the belief that life is meant to be enjoyed, is as natural to her personality as the languid gracefulness with which she moves her body. It is, simply, the Thai way. And, many say, the most enjoyable aspect of Royal Orchid Service on the "Great Circle Express" route.



A straight line from Dallas/Ft. Worth to Seattle, Tokyo, Bangkok. Shortening your flight by more than a thousand miles. (Perhaps, regrettably.)

Thai

A Flight of Graciousness.

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help !!!!

Or Maybe Just Silence

To mail a letter now we pay
  A minimum of twenty cents.
"I'll phone instead," outraged we say,
  In monetary self-defense.
But then what happens? Well, the rate
  Of phone calls rises to excess.
How will we then communicate?
  By mental telepathy, I guess.

—CORINNA MARSH

". . . and this is my son, the fornicator, and his live-in girl-friend, the fornicatee."

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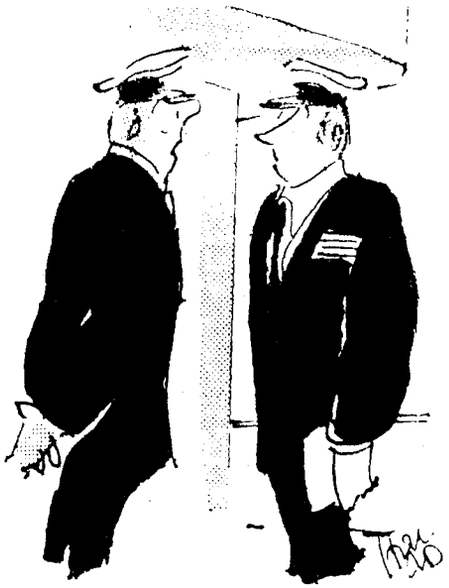

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"Who's minding Gibraltar?"

H. Martin, *Punch* Rothco

"We were wondering if you'd like to sign a petition calling for the removal of the Cuthbertsons' Christmas wreath now that the hounds of spring are on winter's traces."

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MULLAH NASR-ED-DIN

The Night of the Ayatollahs

NORMAN B. HANNAH

"I KILLED [former Iranian Premier] Hoveida, you know," Ayatollah Khalkhali boasted to V. S. Naipaul, who reports his encounter with Khomeini's "hanging ayatollah" in his book *Among the Believers*. As Khalkhali's sycophants, squatting on the carpet, doubled up in laughter, Naipaul queried, "You killed him yourself?" No, Khalkhali admitted, the job was actually done by the son of another famous ayatollah. "But I have the gun," he proudly added.

What of his early life? "I was a shepherd as a boy. Right now I know how to cut off a sheep's head. . . . I know everything. . . . I am very clever, very intelligent."

This is the delicious flavor of the mullahs' revolution in Iran. As a matter of fact, I have concluded that the insouciant Khalkhali more pungently exudes the essence of the revolution than the gloomy Khomeini. When the time comes to erect a symbolic monument to the Islamic Republic it should be of Khalkhali rampant. On the pedestal there would be inscribed his unforgettable reply when asked, at the height of the terror, why he administered death sentences at night. With a bit of puckishness he said, "In Islam what is important is having peace in your work. And I work more peacefully at night.

Still, this offhand utterance doesn't convey the depth and complexity of Khalkhali's logical system. Recall the day when Khomeini said execution should be limited to those convicted of killing and torture, while simultaneously Khalkhali was publicly issuing *carte blanche* to anyone who could get close enough to kill the Shah wherever he could be found. No trial was necessary, he said, for those guilty of "corruption on earth." Asked whether there was a slight contradiction between his thoughts and Khomeini's, Khalkhali gave us a brief glimpse into his true depths. Said he: "Ayatollah Khomeini personally ordered me not to listen to anyone, *not even to himself*."

It was this crystalline thought which suggested the historic theme that Khalkhali's eventual memorial should take. There is a continuous thread running directly to Ayatollah Khalkhali from a great folk hero of Iran and Turkey, one Mullah Nasr-ed-din.

I first made the acquaintance of this fascinating mullah 25 years ago in Tabriz, Iran. For the record, let it be noted that Nasr-ed-din is commemorated in Ak Shehir, in Turkey, by a mausoleum which puts his birth at A.D. 993—but he may equally well have lived in the twelfth, thirteenth, or fourteenth century. It makes little difference. His work is alive, and everyone knows him as the authentic vessel of the "people's wisdom."

Mullah Nasr-ed-din was frequently asked to advise people and share the wisdom of a "learned man."

"How can one attain wisdom?" he was asked.

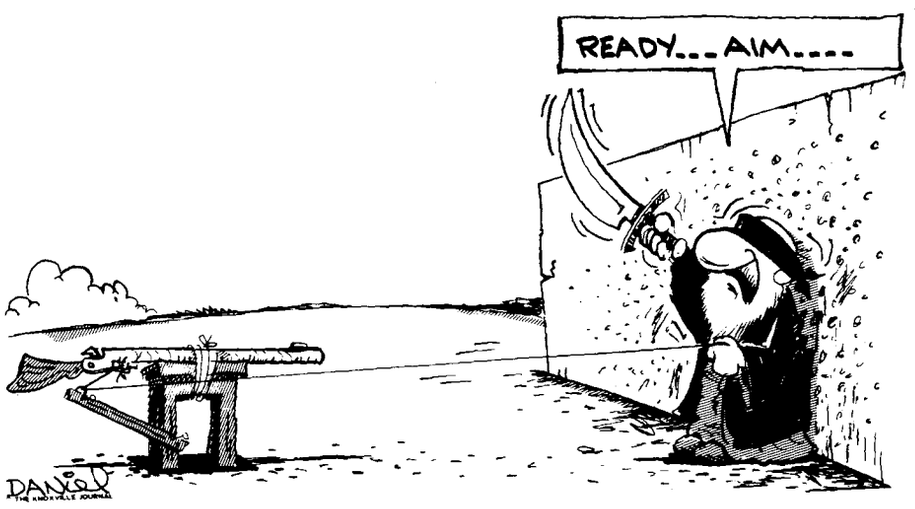
"Always listen attentively," he replied, "to what those who know tell you. And if someone is listening to you, listen closely to what you are saying." Were Nasr-ed-din living today he would be an ayatollah himself!

What I envision is a large memorial with two figures on it—Nasr-ed-din handing down the truth to Khalkhali—and a series of timeless aphorisms engraved on the pedestal as solemn reminders that nothing really changes. Remember, last year Ayatollah Khomeini proclaimed a ban on the playing of any music on radio or television, warning that "Music is the opium of the mind." That would look good in marble alongside Nasr-ed-din's retort when his musical talent was questioned. Taking a lute in hand for the first time, he drew the quill back and forth across the strings, creating an excruciating dissonance. His friends remarked that "Other players seek the note they want by moving the fingers of the left hand up and down the neck of the instrument." Replied the mullah, "I seek no notes. I have found them."

Mullah Justice

"Strikes against the Shah pleased God," proclaimed Khomeini and Khalkhali, "but strikes against the Islamic Republic displease God and are a major sin." Be not astonished. The creative interpretation of the law by today's ayatollahs has its roots in a long tradition to which Nasr-ed-din contributed much. Once, a peasant came to the mullah's bar of justice to ask what would be the law, "if your cow were grazing in a field with ours and killed one of our cows?"

Without hesitating, the mullah gave



The Last Iranian

Mr. Hannah is a retired foreign service officer who became familiar with the wisdom of Mullah Nasr-ed-din during tours of duty in Iran.

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Is Lower Back Pain Making You An On-Again, Off-Again Cripple?

by Eugene Griffin

Read how one man freed himself totally from this crippling pain.

It happened aboard a Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt, Germany where I was going for a business meeting. The plane hit an air pocket and suddenly my back "went out."

If you've ever suffered from lower back pain, you know what this can mean. In my case, the stewardess *had to lead me off the plane* when we landed. "This is the first time this has happened?" she asked. When I told her no, she said:

"Oh, then you should have a Prosana Belt." She then told me she had lower back trouble, too, and without the Prosana Belt, she didn't think she could hold her job. "It practically saved my life!" she went on.

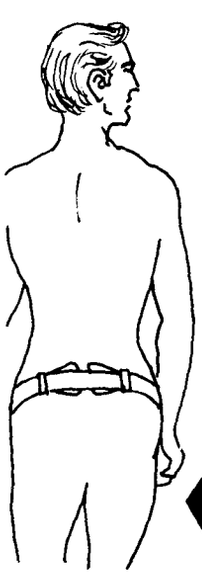
I'll be sure to get one, I told her. But what I was really thinking was how could a belt that helped her—a woman about 110 pounds—help a slightly overweight guy of six feet like me? Besides, I thought, I've tried practically everything short of an operation. So I went to my hotel room, took a hot bath, several aspirin and laid down for the night hoping for the best.

Couldn't get out of bed

The next morning the pain was worse than I could ever remember. *I had to roll out of bed onto my knees and crawl to a doorknob to get to my feet.* Again, I took a hot bath and some aspirin, but again, it didn't do much good. If I had been back home, I would have called and canceled the meeting. But here I was in Germany and scheduled for a meeting with five other businessmen *I* had set up. So there was nothing I could do but go through with it.

Lunch Included, Too!

The pain must have been apparent the moment I walked into the room because the first man I met smiled sympathetically and said, "You look like your back is bothering you." It is, I answered. "Haven't you heard of the Prosana Belt? he asked. I nodded yes. "And you don't *have* one?" he persisted. No, I said, continuing around the room, anxious only to get the meeting over with and go back home.



After the meeting, the man who asked me about the Prosana Belt suggested I join him for lunch. Since he was the key man on the deal, I accepted. But instead of driving me to the restaurant, he took me first to a surgical supply store where he bought me a Prosana Belt. I had no other choice but to put it on right there, though all I could think of after thanking him was to say, Is that it?

"That's it," he replied. " Now let us take a little walk to a nearby restaurant I know you'll enjoy."

The Most Amazing Walk Of My Life

If I had known the "little walk" was going to take almost a half hour, I never would have gone—business deal or no. But that was all part of his plan! Because by the time we reached the restaurant, *my pain was gone!* I even reached down and touched my shoelaces just to see if I wasn't imagining things. I can't believe it, I said. It's like a miracle. "Yes, I know," he answered, "I said the same thing when I first wore the Prosana Belt. Occasionally," he added, "I still say it."

Tested & Proved In Hospitals

Over lunch my friend proceeded to tell me about the Prosana Belt. How it was invented by a doctor, tested and proved in hospitals and clinics; even on people so crippled with lower back pain, they had to wear steel braces! How it was, and is, used throughout Europe by tennis champions, Olympic bobsled medalists, soccer players—by all kinds of people who are constantly putting incredible strains and stresses on their backs. In fact, he concluded, its effectiveness has been so proven, *its purchase is included under Germany's national health coverage plan.*

Save $14.00! Special Free Trial Offer!

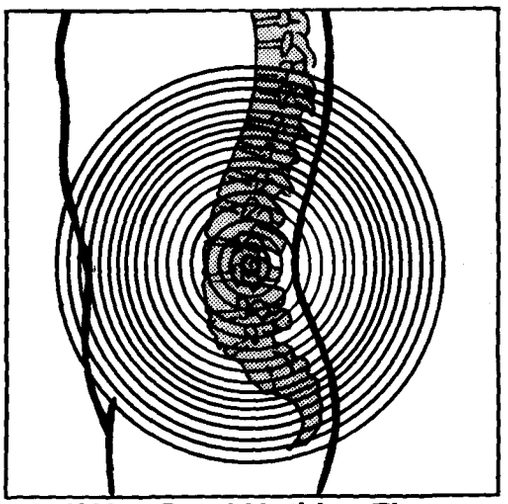
When I returned home, I told all my friends with bad backs about this marvelous belt. But when they tried to buy one, they found no one in the United States had even heard of it! So, I called my friend in Germany (incidentally, I got that order) and told him I'd like to import some Prosana Belts. He told me the cost of one *in Germany* was $44.00 in American money. Since I would have shipping costs, taxes, handling and so forth, I decided to see if I could make a special bulk importing deal with the manufacturer. And, I'm happy to add, I was able to. Yes, you can now try the Prosana Belt for only $29.95—$14.00 less than what you would pay in Germany. What's more...

You Can Prove Its Effectiveness To Yourself Risk-Free For 30 Days!

If you suffer lower back pain like me, you've probably tried every "cure" there is and so you're probably skeptical. Which is why I'm making this iron-clad, no-risk guarantee: If you're not convinced that the Prosana Belt relieves your lower back pain fast...that it works where other methods and devices have failed...that it lets you bend over, garden, do household chores, even play sports *pain-free*, I'll return your money *in full.*

© 1981 Peabody Adams, Inc.

HERE'S HOW THE AMAZING PROSANA BELT WORKS. Every time you move or take a step, the up, down and sideways motion of the patented, orthopedic-designed "massaging pads" soothes away aches and pains almost like a chiropractor's hands. (Yet the Prosana Belt is invisible even under summer clothes. Soft, lightweight and washable, too, with no metal parts. And one size fits all!)



If You Read Nothing Else Read This Doctor's Report:

"I've turned from my initial skepticism, indeed rejection of the Prosana belt, to an eager proponent of it. I now have checked more than 40 cases from my practice and after studying a file with more than 100 statements, I have no doubts about the effectiveness of the belt."
Dr. Ludwig Hecht

HERE'S WHAT USERS SAY:

"I have been suffering from lower back pain for years. Nothing helped, not even a steel corset. After wearing the belt, I am freed from the pain and it has never come back."
Mr. H. Kilian, Olympic Medalist & 3-Time World Bobsled Champion

"I suffered from severe back pain caused by tennis, and since I did not want to take any medication, I have begun to wear your belt. It is hard to believe how quickly I have got rid of my back pain."
Mr. D. Sturdza, Swiss Tennis Champion

"Often I could tolerate the pain only with strong medication. The Prosana Belt has freed me from taking pills."
Mrs. F. Polenz, Housewife

MEDICAID/MEDICARE RECIPIENTS: Save $5.00! Enclose copy of your card & deduct $5.00 from your payment

To be sure you get your Prosana Belt for no-risk, 30-day trial, mail coupon today.

Lumbar Research Institute Div., NR-5142
18 Genevieve Street, Great Neck, New York 11021

I, too, want to prove to myself for 30 days, risk-free that the amazing Prosana Belt can free me forever from lower back pain. Rush me my belt at the special import price of only $29.95 plus $2 for postage and handling. SAVE! Order 2 Prosana Belts for only $55.95 plus $3 postage and handling. Same money-back guarantee. If after 30 days I'm not 100% satisfied with the dramatic relief I experience, I may return the Prosana Belt(s) for a full and prompt refund (excluding postage and handling) no questions asked.

☐ Check or Money Order enclosed. (New York residents add 8% sales tax.)

I am a ____ Medicaid ____ Medicare recipient.
Enclosed is a copy of my card saving me $5.00 more

Charge to: ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge

Exp. Date _____

Card # _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Dealer inquiries invited.

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his finding. "An animal cannot be called to account for the blood it spills."

"I am so grateful for that," said the peasant, heaving a sigh of relief, "for my cow has killed yours."

"Well," ruminated the mullah, "that does complicate things. Hand me down that little black book from the shelf, please."

Westerners have difficulty understanding the concept of "corruption on earth." But Nasr-ed-din would have had no trouble with it. He knew the formulae for measuring cosmic values. Once, some Christian monks searching for wisdom in the Orient were referred to him. Asked one, "Where is the center of the earth?"

"Right now, the center of the earth is beneath the right front foot of my donkey," replied the mullah. Asked to prove it, he told the monk, "Take a tape and measure it yourself. If I am wrong, tell me by how much."

Spotting a Mullah

There have always been charlatans masquerading as holy men. One of Ayatollah Taleghani's faction in Teheran once said, "One must be careful in identifying a real mullah. Some members of the Council are mullahs without turbans." Any man can wear a turban but a turban doesn't make the mullah, as Nasr-ed-din demonstrated when asked by one of his flock to read a letter the man had just received. This was a usual function for learned mullahs, but, after looking at the letter, Nasr-ed-din complained that "The handwriting is too hard to read."

"Ha, and you call yourself a mullah?" shouted the petitioner. Nasr-ed-din removed his turban, placing it in front of the man. "Very well," said he, "if you think everyone who wears a turban is a learned man, you put it on and you read the letter."

Some moderates, such as Taleghani and Shariat-Maderi, worried that the puritanical literalism of the secret courts would boomerang against the clergy itself in the future.* As usual, Nasr-ed-din foreshadowed this problem in his typical allegorical manner. He once heard a complainant charge another with biting him on the ear. The accused scornfully replied, "It's a lie. He bit his own ear."

*They were right, too. It will.

The mullah adjourned the case for further study and retired to his bedchamber to determine if it were really possible for a man to bite his own ear. After several attempts at jerking his head and snapping to catch an ear, Nasr-ed-din grew dizzy and fell, cracking his head on the table. Next day in court, the two litigants returned and the plaintiff asked if it is possible for a man to bite his own ear.

"Worse than that!" expostulated the mullah. "A man can crack his own skull."

Eternal Unrest

Westerners have noted that no opportunity was provided to administer last rites to those executed during Khalkhali's peaceful working nights. Perhaps those guilty of "corruption on earth" are entitled to no final holy unction. If so, Khalkhali is again indebted to Nasr-ed-din for showing the way centuries ago. The mullah once had a severe quarrel with the mayor of a village. Shortly afterward the mayor died, and the villagers asked the mullah to read the prayer for the dead over the mayor.

"What would be the use?" shrugged the mullah. "We had a quarrel and he won't listen to me." Following Nasr-ed-din's logic in a straight-line progression, Khomeini remarked to University of Teheran students, after the assassination attempt on President Reagan, that "Even if Reagan had died there would be no need to mourn." Khomeini did seem to soften this hard line slightly after firing Bani-Sadr, by saying that "Everyone, whatever he does, can repent."

Mullah Nasr-ed-din never had the opportunities open to today's ayatollahs because he lived in a dark age of secular dominance when the clergy survived by being servile to tyrants. Nasr-ed-din once encountered the terrible Mongol conqueror, Hulaghu Khan, the grandson of Genghis Khan and the scourge of Persia. Hulaghu had returned from a week-long inspection trip and the mullah bowed, politely inquiring whether the trip had been enjoyable.

"Excellent," exclaimed the chieftain. "Saturday—a fire. Sunday, a mad dog bit two people who had to be cauterized with a hot iron. Monday, some people were trapped when a wind blew down their houses. Tuesday, a bull gored three men. Wednesday, a man went mad and committed murder and had to be tortured. Thursday, a woman hanged herself from a plum tree. Friday, I returned. A magnificent week."

As Nasr-ed-din began to praise God, the Mongol asked, "Why are you praising Allah?"

"Oh," cringed the mullah, "I am praising Allah for your return. Had you stayed away another week your joyous foot would have left no stone standing on another." Today, the secular and clerical roles are reversed. In Kurdistan last fall, Moslem laymen were praying to Allah for the early return to Teheran of Ayatollah Khalkhali, who by that time had proudly chalked up 77 executed Kurds on his banner. Even before Bani-Sadr was fired, some 25 of his secular disciples had been executed by the ayatollahs' revolutionary courts.

For a while now, the clergy have been worrying about the imbalance between a rampant Islamic state and a recumbent—even dying—economy. Clearly, they have learned nothing from the experience of Mullah Nasr-ed-din, who, during a bitter winter after a long drought, gradually subtracted each day a handful of barley from the portion given his donkey. Slowly, the animal became listless and finally refused even the few grains offered it. One day the donkey died.

"What bad luck!" expostulated the mullah. "Just when I had succeeded in teaching the ass true mortification of the flesh, death had to intervene and spoil it."

Prime Minister Bazargan used to wonder aloud when the ayatollahs would let up on the executions. He might have consulted Nasr-ed-din, who was once asked by Tamerlane, "How long will men continue to be born and die?"

"When heaven and hell are full," replied the mullah, "it will stop."

Unfortunately, he did not say when that would be, and now we'll never know because soon thereafter he fell ill and died. Even in death his comments were relevant, and it is tragic that he was taken before demonstrating his last catechism, thus leaving Iranian womanhood in an enigmatic limbo. As he lay on his deathbed and his wife wept in her black chador, the mullah spoke.

"Why are you dressed in black, with tearful face and unkempt hair? Go put

(Continues on page 579)

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THE

university

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THAT FOREST PRIMEVAL

When the white man came to America, he saw an unbroken expanse of mature forest filled with all kinds of wildlife. There were birds of every variety. The clear streams teemed with fish. 'Nothing,' says the author, 'could be further from the truth'

A Woodland Fantasy

FRED C. SIMMONS

THE PEOPLE of the United States are suffering from the consequences of a widespread belief in a forest fantasy that never was, and never will be, true. A little band of misinformed but vociferous zealots has convinced much of the American public and its legislators of the factuality of this myth, and of its current applicability. Now, thanks to the Reagan Administration, there seem to be grounds for some hope that this mistaken belief can be discredited and the disastrous program based on it brought to a halt and possibly even reversed.

What is this fantasy? It is that when the white man came to these shores he saw a practically unbroken expanse of lush, all-aged forest. This forest, so the fantasy goes, contained a heavy representation of our most attractive and useful tree species, and it was teeming with wildlife, including both vegetarian species such as moose, deer, and elk, and predators like wildcats, wolves, and foxes. There were birds of every kind, and the clear, free-flowing streams teemed with fish. The popular belief has been that all we need to do to restore this state of affairs is to establish tremendous "forest preserves," protected from fire, insects, and disease, in which timber-management activities, including all timber cutting, are prohibited. Nothing could be further from the truth.

No one questions that the original settlers in the East found great quantities of such blue-chip tree species as white and yellow pine, cedar, birch, black cherry, white ash, and black walnut. In the West there were redwood, Douglas fir, sugar pine, and red cedar. These furnished the settlers wood for construction and cabinet-making, with enough left over to export. There's only one catch: these species could not have been there in the type of stand described in our forest fantasy.

The truth is that sugar maple is just about the only one of our prized tree species that can maintain itself in an all-aged stand. Practically all the rest of our most desirable trees, like most of our garden plants, are shade-intolerant. This means they cannot reproduce themselves, or grow during their early years, in dense shade, even that of their own parents. In addition, a number of these intolerants, and even some of the shade-enduring species like red spruce, need a seedbed of exposed mineral soil. Their seedlings cannot develop on leaf or needle litter. Mineral soil is exposed by such disturbances as forest fires and logging. Consequently, the intolerants plus some tolerants are found in quantity only in even-aged stands which have developed in sizable open areas.

Indians also set many fires, in warfare, to clear land for agriculture, and in a conscious effort to improve the wildlife habitat

This means that there had to be a mixture of stands of different age classes in our original forests. Our best guess is that in the East 20 to 30 per cent of these original forests were in seedling or sapling stands (zero to twenty years old), 30 to 40 per cent in pole stands (21 to sixty years old), and about 40 per cent in older growth (61 years or older). The older-growth stands were composed primarily of shade-intolerant species, which would live out their lifespan and die, unable to replace themselves. Meanwhile, however, those few, generally undesirable, species that are shade-tolerant could seed in underneath. This ultimate stand of tolerant trees, which is able to maintain itself indefinitely if left undisturbed, is called a *climax forest*. Thus our "forest preserves" today are developing "monocultures" of the worst sort—practically pure stands of inferior species like beech or hemlock. The few wisps of sugar maple that get started are usually eaten by deer or rabbits.

Evidence that our original forests consisted of the balance of age classes that we have described, and that there was very little, probably no more than 10 per cent, climax forest, has come from many different sources. One is from careful study of the journals of reliable early explorers such as Captain John Smith, Sir Francis Drake, and the botanist William Bartram. Another is the records of early surveyors who noted the species and sizes of trees growing on their survey lines. And finally, of course, there are studies of the development of the forests themselves. All these indicate that Mother Nature had her own methods of opening up the stands to allow desirable reproduction to get started. Chief among these were occasional intense wildfires, set by lightning. Such fires were aided and abetted by blowdowns and insect and disease attacks, which may have killed or weakened some of the trees beforehand. Indians also set many fires, in warfare,

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to clear land for agriculture, and in a conscious effort to improve the wildlife habitat.

The Indians recognized, as present-day wildlife managers have also come to recognize, that a solid expanse of climax or near-climax forest furnishes just about the poorest wildlife habitat imaginable. The supply of succulent leaves and twigs in the tops of the surviving intolerants is far out of the reach of ground-dwelling birds and animals. The sparse understory of tolerant trees and shrubs is mostly unpalatable or unnutritious. So these old-growth forests provide little sustenance for grouse, turkeys, moose, elk, deer, beavers, and rabbits. As populations of these vegetarians decline, the predators also are starved out. Hungry timber wolves have been reported to be raiding farmers' livestock as much as a hundred miles away from their former homes in Minnesota's "forest preserves." Last year's fatal attacks on human beings by grizzly bears in the Glacier National Park in Montana were in all likelihood due to shortages of the bears' natural foods in the "preserved" forests.

Downstream fish and human beings also suffer. In mature Eastern hardwoods, most of the rain that falls in the summer months is returned to the atmosphere by interception, evaporation, and transpiration. Stream flow is severely reduced. In softwoods, losses occur in the winter as well as in the summer. New York State found this out when it developed that the flow of the Adirondack streams was insufficient to maintain the state's canal system. Dams were erected at the outlets of many lakes and swamps to provide the needed summertime water supplies. Many of these structures are maintained today at the expense of downstream industries and communities. In addition, many municipalities have drastically thinned the forests surrounding their public water supplies to forestall the need for additional reservoir capacity.

Even the atmosphere is adversely affected by overmature and climax forests. Because there is no net production of new wood substance, there is no net conversion of carbon dioxide into pure life-giving oxygen. Rotting wood releases to the air as much carbon, or more, as the living trees absorb.

To top it off, there is little scenic or recreational value in climax or near-climax stands. The tolerant trees are generally small and short, with live limbs far down on the stems. Fallen trees make travel difficult. The areas are silent because of the absence of birds and animals, the scenery is monotonous, and it is easy for the traveler to get lost. As a result, hundreds of thousands of acres of existing "preserves" are never visited from year's end to year's end. Reports of overcrowding of such "preserves" are confined to the few more accessible and scenic areas. All in all the "preserved" forest areas of this country are of little use to man.

When I go back into areas in the Adirondacks I knew well fifty years ago, I can see that the black cherry, the yellow and white birch, the white pine, and the white ash have disappeared. Their place has been taken by beech and hemlock. Similarly, the redwoods in California and the Douglas fir in the Pacific Northwest are giving way to Western hemlock and the true firs. In the South the yellow pines are being replaced by scrub hardwoods.

Yet a tiny, misguided, but clamorous minority continue to agitate for "preservation" of millions of additional acres of potentially productive forest land, and to prescribe exactly the wrong course to attain it. They continue to rant against the "cupidity" of the lumbermen, never realizing, or at least never admitting, that many of the areas they now most want to "preserve" resulted from "forest destruction" as recently as fifty years ago. (The Pemigewasset area of the White Mountain National Forest in New Hampshire is an example.) As a result of this program some 42 million acres of potentially productive forest land have now been set aside for "preservation." This figure includes only those areas capable of producing at least twenty cubic feet of wood products per acre per year, not mountain tops or arid lands.

Not the least of the undesirable features of this program is its effect on the economy. Local residents around the "preserved" areas suffer from lack of employment opportunities. The nation is deprived of increasingly needed forest products and the employment and tax revenues that would be generated in the course of supplying them. A conservative estimate indicates that the areas now withdrawn from use could annually supply enough timber to build half a million houses, with some four million cords of fuel wood available as a by-product.

Knowledgeable administrators of many of the "preserved" areas, their hands tied by laws and regulations prohibiting timber cutting, are resorting to nature's method of restoring these areas to productivity—uncontrolled forest fires. This is a discouragingly slow, dangerous, and wasteful process. In hardwoods particularly, in only a few cases does a single fire accomplish the purpose of opening up the stand. It is usually so damp that only the surface layers of the ground litter are burned off, and the standing trees are merely scorched. This opens the way to butt rot, but the trees may survive several such fires. Only following a drought or some other natural disaster does a single fire ordinarily do the job, and then it often takes several decades for a sizable burned area to revegetate itself. The areas are too large to seed in promptly, and they do not provide good wildlife habitats because the animals do not like to get too far from the shelter of the high forest. Moreover, prescribed burns all too often

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escape into adjoining ownerships and even inhabited areas.

Nevertheless, the National Park Service and the U.S. Forest Service have a compact that fires will be allowed to burn uncontrolled in the more remote parts of the Yellowstone area in Wyoming, in an attempt to restore the habitat of the elk herds. A high official of the Park Service even told me that fires would be allowed to burn in the Adirondacks if a National Park were established there, to restore the habitat of the moose, the elk, and the woods buffalo. Fires are similarly burning on "preserved" forest lands all over the country, in the Sierras to provide conditions for reproduction of the giant redwoods, in Minnesota to bring back the white pine, and in Florida to rejuvenate the yellow pine.

Fatal attacks by grizzly bears in Glacier Park were in all likelihood due to shortages of the bears' foods in the 'preserved' forests

There can be no doubt that modern scientific forest management can supply a safer, quicker, and more economical method of preserving our public forest areas. The problem, of course, is that such a forest-management program is not simple, and it cannot be handled by any blanket set of rules and regulations. Conditions are too variable for any such easy solution.

The forester must take into account the existing stands; the local climate, soil, slope, and aspect; and the tree and shrub species desired and their requirements. Above all, he must consider local economic conditions and whether or not intensive management practices are feasible. If intensive management and a one-hundred-year rotation are decided upon, reproduction cuttings might be rotated throughout the area at a rate of 1 per cent per year, possibly in the form of scattered clear cuttings with or without seed trees, seedbed preparation, direct seeding, or tree planting. Or group selection or shelterwood might be called for. Improvement and salvage cuttings could be made in portions of the remaining stand. Under extensive management, a longer rotation might be selected and a ten- or even a twenty-year quota of reproduction cuttings made in a single year. Then the loggers would be sent elsewhere until the next cut was due. Choice of methods and equipment for logging and their supervision is important in either case. Weedings and thinnings could be made in the resulting young stands.

Such a program would result in a healthier, better-balanced stand of more desirable trees, a better wildlife habitat, more regular stream flow, continuous income from forest products, and better conditions for all types of recreation. Most of the big estates and club properties in the Northeast now follow some type of forestry program, although they all started out as "forest preserves." Similarly, big forest-industry properties generally have waiting lists of people clamoring for hunting and fishing rights and summer home sites. This is quite correctly called "multiple use."

The following is a suggested program to attain these ends on our publicly owned forest lands:

1. Initiate a concentrated and scientifically sound educational program to acquaint the general public and their legislators as to what forest preservation actually entails.

2. Stop establishing additional "forest preserves" where cutting is prohibited.

3. Revert to "The greatest good for the greatest number in the long run" as the guiding policy for public forest management. This would involve possible reclassification of little-used portions of our "forest preserves" to multiple-use status and relaxation of the rules prohibiting cutting on the more heavily used areas.

4. Prepare detailed management plans for each area. These would include, in addition to cultural guidelines, provision for such things as development of scenic vistas, winter yarding areas for deer, and retention of hollow trees for dens and nesting sites.

Implementation of such a program would be neither easy nor simple. Many different points of view would have to be reconciled. But such a program is necessary to forestall continued deterioration of our "preserved" forest lands and application of present mistaken practices to additional lands. □

High-Wire Act

MOSCOW, Feb. 26—*The arrest of a flamboyant circus performer known as Boris the Gypsy has set off a major scandal here. . . . Much of the attention among the Russians has focused on the fact that both Boris the Gypsy and the circus chief, Anatoly A. Kolevatov, have been friendly with Leonid I. Brezhnev's daughter, Galina, 53 years old, who was at one time married to a circus performer.*

—New York Times, *Feb. 27, 1982*

There was a young girl called Galina,
Who turned tricks in the circus arena
  With Boris the Gypsy,
  And when they got tipsy
The performance was even obscener.

In the back of her curtained-off Zil
Galina sets to with a will.
  Boris reaches those parts
  That Lenin and Marx
Have never quite managed to thrill.

Our Galya is living in sin;
The police don't know where to begin.
  Dad feels quite upset
  (And her brother's a wet)
But my God how the money rolls in.

—PATRICK LONDON

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SPECIAL REPORT

Will Syria Engage Israel?

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

DAMASCUS—The current preoccupation of diplomats and strategists in the Levant is whether Syria will enter the conflict should Israel invade southern Lebanon. In 1978, when the Israelis penetrated southern Lebanon and occupied it for three months, Damascus stayed out. But whether she will stay out in the event of another Israeli incursion is far from certain, and Israel must calculate the risk of Syria's entry very carefully. So much hangs on the decision of Damascus, it may be said, that Syria holds three aces in the post-Sinai conflict strategy and Israel one.

Syria has about a quarter of a million men under arms and another 100,000 that can be called up on short notice. Syria's army can field almost four thousand tanks, including some eight hundred Soviet T-72s. The air force is able to launch 450 jet war planes, including a goodly number of Soviet MiG-25s. As these figures suggest, the army and air force have been beefed up considerably since 1973; the Syrian navy, on the other hand, remains a joke. No question that Syria would get a bloody nose in a full-scale contest with Israel. But, with Syria as a second front, Israel would take many casualties too, a prospect that she does not like at all.

The Israeli generals would dearly love to eradicate the SAM-6 missiles Syria has based in Lebanon's Bekka Valley, and put a dent in the integrated air defense system on Syrian territory. Also, Israel knows that the action taken in 1978 did not solve the PLO-in-Lebanon problem. A true military solution would require that Israel go up beyond the Litani River to the Beirut airport, cutting a swath deep and wide. Even if the Israeli army carefully hugged the coast, the incursion would still have to be of such magnitude that it could easily spiral. All of which argues that if Israel did the military job properly, Syria would probably be provoked into a counterattack.

General Hafez al-Assad, president of Syria, is deterred from engaging Israel not only because he is militarily outclassed, but because he knows that he would probably be going it alone. Jordan's military would certainly tell the king to stay out, lest Jordan get pasted by the Israelis. The Iraqis, now at odds with Syria, have their hands full waging a losing war with the Iranians. The Saudis could put perhaps two armored, motorized brigades and sixty combat aircraft into action—as well as supplying funds, of course. The Egyptians, if not neutralized by Camp David, would be disinclined anyway, because Egypt's military is in the middle of the process of converting from an essentially Eastern-bloc armory to an essentially U.S. one; it will take three more years for it to reach battle readiness. Which (apart from the Saudis) leaves distant Libya, Algeria, and Morocco (the last two of whom fought side by side with the Syrians in the 1973 Arab-Israeli war) as Damascus's only possible allies —plus, of course, the Soviet Union.

Assad's Independence

The USSR adds another joker to the deck, linked as it is to Syria by the Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation of October 1980. The Syrians interpret their agreement with the Soviets to include the security of Syrian soldiers in Lebanon, but the Soviets have not confirmed this by any means. With a wretched economy, a dying head of state, and a geographically dispersed military, the Soviets can ill afford to throw another line out to the Near East, and they are asking the Syrians to cool it. Notwithstanding the amplitude of Soviet largesse, however, President Assad in the clutch makes up his own mind. A fervent Syrian nationalist, Assad defied the Soviets in 1976 and sent troops into Lebanon. In 1980, he defied the Soviets again and massed his troops on the Jordanian border. So, like Washington, the Kremlin is holding its breath. When push comes to shove, Syria acts as independently of the USSR as Israel does of the United States.

Meanwhile, Assad is now leaning heavily on Yasir Arafat to keep the ceasefire negotiated by Philip Habib; he knows that were the PLO to be devastated by Israel, Syria would lose a trump card in autonomy negotiations. Damascus effectively controls the PLO, and, sooner or later, the PLO is going to have to be involved in settlement negotiations—unless Israel eviscerates it by an onslaught on Lebanon. Without a strong PLO in the negotiations, Syria would be odd man out.

Assad will avoid this status at all costs. First and foremost, Syria regards herself as the keeper of the Arab flame, the center and source of Arab purity, tradition, history, geography, sophistication, and destiny. This belief goes beyond politics into anthropology, and is what may be called transrational in its roots, character, and appeal.

Tripwire

The second reason is a political corollary to the above: for a Syrian leader to make it, and continue making it, he must show his constituents that he is not only the big guy on the block, but the big guy in the neighborhood—meaning in this context the Arab world. Assad's political fortunes are contingent in large part on his role in the Palestinian settlement. Third, the Syrians want the Golan included in any autonomy negotiations. All of which explains why Damascus maintains over 25,000 troops in Lebanon at a crippling cost, namely to strengthen Syria's leash on the PLO, her entry into the Palestinian settlement.

How does all of this shake out? Within three months, Israel could attempt a deep penetration of Lebanon that will, she hopes, not trip the Syrian provocation wire. The Israeli dilemma will be to figure out where and how sensitive the shifting tripwire is. Even if Syrian territory is not actually invaded, Assad may conclude it is better to enter, rather than lose the PLO trump card, for the reasons outlined above. Western diplomats think that if the Syrians are drawn in, the Russians will indeed honor their friendship commitment to Syria, but in ways that will fall short of moving troops in.

Meanwhile, the world—notably the United States—frets about the Falkland Islands, Central America, and the nuclear freeze, as if there were no powder keg over here waiting to go off. □

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Abroad

Pankow *Happening Here*

The Communist government of East Germany is having trouble with its own peace movement. While most Soviet satellite states have nominal "peace" organizations, they are under firm control, and totally responsive to the official party line. Now East German Protestant leaders have lashed out against their government for cracking down on unofficial peace demonstrators. A letter signed by Bishop Werner Krusche of Magdeburg—and read recently from pulpits in East Berlin and circulated throughout the country—said the state was taking excessive measures to repress peace demonstrators. Some of these young people have been wearing armbands which carry a design representing swords being beaten into plowshares; lately, the police have been tearing off these armbands. The Bishop's letter quoted a state official as saying the armbands were an incitement to resist military service and could not be tolerated. "We fear that the actions of state bodies," the letter went on, "are leading to difficult problems in the relationship of basically well-intentioned youth to the state, and for the inner peace of our society and the personal development of young people . . ." Publication of the letter came shortly after the death of Robert Havemann, East Germany's best-known peace leader. Havemann, condemned to death by the Nazis, had been placed under house arrest several times for his opposition to the lack of freedom in East Germany.

Baghdad *State of the War*

Baghdad is bustling with construction. Hotels and conference halls are rising from scaffolding as workmen labor around the clock to meet the deadline of the opening of the seventh summit of the non-aligned countries in September. Iraq will assume the presidency of this bloc for the next three years, and is doing all it can to assure maximum prestige for itself. But what about the war with Iran, which will then have reached the two-year mark? The war is still as far from a conclusion as ever, but the Iraqis can point to some solid achievements in spite of a lack of notable battlefield successes. For one thing, Iraq has proved that it is able to keep an army in the field over an extended period, something no Arab nation has been able to do since the creation of Israel in 1948. Then the war has rallied many disaffected Arab states, such as Algeria and Libya; and Egypt, Jordan, and Morocco have sent volunteers. Merely for a nation to have a real army, whether it is successful or not, is a matter of moment in the Middle East. Finally, on both the Soviet and American sides there are signs that relations are improving. Commercial exchanges with the United States have increased considerably in recent months, and there is talk of re-opening diplomatic relations. Nevertheless, the Iraqi government would very much like to end the conflict. To all appearances, it was based on a major miscalculation, namely that the Iranians would collapse. Instead, they have offered stubborn, often enthusiastic, resistance, no matter how the ayatollahs shift and modify their political positions. The war is also very costly, in both lives and money. As a backdrop to this is the circumstance of the world oil glut, and the fact that the government's financial resources have taken a dramatic drop. Iraq, according to diplomatic observers, is consequently open to almost any suggestion which would allow an "acceptable" end to hostilities.

Rome *The Third Way*

Eurocommunism is on the shelf and its successor is the Euroleft movement, or *Eurosinistra* in the Roman tongue of its inventor and chief apostle, Italian Communist Party chieftain Enrico Berlinguer. Frequently denounced by Moscow, especially since the Polish crisis, Berlinguer is seeking a "third way" between the frontiers of the Left, because, he says, neither traditional Communism nor the moderate Left can provide the answer for the times. Recently, he had a long interview with Socialist President François Mitterrand of France. Although there wasn't complete agreement between the two on a common path, Berlinguer reported afterward that "we have taken important steps forward. Our agreement rests on a fundamental point, that is the rejection of the Soviet model and the determination to go beyond social democracy." Since the Italian Communist Party is the biggest and most powerful in the West, Berlinguer's new direction will probably have some influence on the not-too-firmly attached Left in Europe. But not on the other two big Communist Parties. The French Party has reverted to a hard, neo-Stalinist line in recent years, and in Spain the Communists have been almost fatally split by the remains of the Eurocommunism issue.

London *Sunk*

A recent innovation in the electronic-game field gave satisfaction to some Britons. It was a game called "Obliterate," in which the player could assume the role of a submarine commander and sink an Argentine battleship. But it didn't last. Following a number of complaints that it was "in bad taste," the game was withdrawn by its sponsoring video service company.

Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"Me, I'd rather they kept Gibraltar than be seen in that."

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Books Arts & Manners

Farewell, Dagny Taggart

TERRY TEACHOUT

If your definition of a "modern classic" is a book which still sells briskly in both soft- and hard-cover editions a quarter-century after its publication, which deals with serious issues in a serious way, and which continues to stir up controversy as each succeeding generation discovers it, then—better brace yourself—*Atlas Shrugged* fills the bill. Sure, it's a preposterous book; sure, the reviewers demolished it; sure, virtually every reputable conservative from Russell Kirk to Frank Meyer rushed to repudiate it. Indeed, there aren't very many bad things to be said about *Atlas Shrugged* that aren't true. No novel of comparable quality has ever been so tenacious in its hold on the public, give or take *Gone with the Wind*.

But . . . it's *there*. Drop into your local K-Mart and you'll find it on the book rack, probably next to *Love's Savage Fury* or *The Joy of Bestiality*. Stop by a Waldenbooks outlet and you'll find the giant hardbound version selling for a cool $18.95 (it cost $6.95 back in 1957), with the spruced-up paperback edition nestled comfortably among the classics (!) just around the corner. *Time* called it "weird," *Commonweal* "cumbersome" and "lumbering," the *New York Times* "a book . . . written out of hate." All true; and all, it would seem, beside the point. Each and every year, year in and year out, New American Library orders up another fifty thousand or so paperbound copies—and they sell. Rumor has it that Ayn Rand herself was, at the time of her death, hot at work on the script for a ten-hour *Atlas Shrugged* TV mini-series; and it's no rumor that she turned up on the Phil Donahue show a while back, putting down altruistic housewives right and left with a verbal sledgehammer, the very picture of her beloved "intransigence." (Ayn Rand liked intransigence like Norman Mailer likes existentialism.) And this has been going on, mind you, for *25 years*.

Surely Miss Rand and her book deserve to be commemorated on this quarter centenary, even in the pages of what Miss Rand once called "the worst and most dangerous magazine in America." For there's no graceful way to get around it: *Atlas Shrugged*, awful as it is, has left its mark on the history of American conservatism. If nothing else, its sheer ubiquity would be proof enough; but, in honor of this august occasion, let us further consider, just for fun, the possibility that the sign of the dollar, however lurid, might not be (keep it quiet, please) all bad.

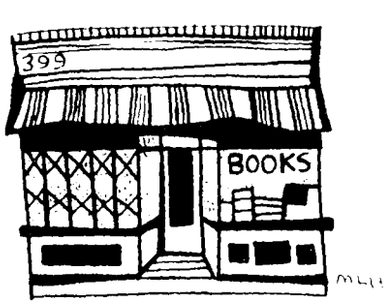
Our text is the following passage from *Wealth and Poverty*:

> Intellectual progress, like the creation of wealth, does not normally occur in the rational and incremental way preferred by professional departments. I have learned that like Milton Friedman, Friedrich von Hayek, Ayn Rand, and William Buckley, who were widely derided at the time they shaped my early economic ideas, Arthur Laffer, Irving Kristol, and Jude Wanniski are unpopular figures even among the professional economists who have taught me most.

Sounds like a multiple-choice question in History of Conservatism 101: "Tell which name in the following list does not belong with the others: a) Milton Friedman; b) F. A. Hayek; c) Ayn Rand; d) William F. Buckley Jr." No bonus points for guessing right, either; within weeks of the publication of *Atlas Shrugged* in 1957, the conservative movement had an intellectual contract out on its author, and it's quite possible that George Gilder's casual reference to Ayn Rand in the preface of *Wealth and Poverty* is the first time anyone believable has tried to make an honest woman of her since—well, let's say since December 28, 1957.

ON THAT date, according to Mr. Buckley, NATIONAL REVIEW "read Miss Rand right out of the conservative movement." Drastic measures were necessary; with the appearance of *Atlas Shrugged*, it became uncomfortably obvious that Ayn Rand had a crack squarely down the middle, and her rapidly growing popularity consequently made her a serious liability to a movement that was, at the time, struggling for respectability. She was, so to speak, the Alger Hiss of the Right; and it was therefore appropriate that the reviewer assigned to settle her hash was none other than Whittaker Chambers.

Chambers's review of *Atlas Shrugged*, "Big Sister Is Watching You," was damning and definitive ("From almost any page of *Atlas Shrugged*, a voice can be heard, from painful necessity, commanding: 'To a gas chamber—go!' "),



Arnold Beichman *is the author of* Nine Lies about America. . . . **M. E. Bradford** *is a professor of English at the University of Dallas.* . . . **Terry Teachout** *is jazz critic for the* Kansas City Star.

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and Miss Rand's Objectivists promptly severed their tenuous ties to the mainstream in a flurry of vicious letters. The deed was done, the case closed; no one ever again seriously argued that the atheistic libertarianism of Ayn Rand had any place under the spacious umbrella of modern American conservatism.

What in the world, then, is the creator of Dagny Taggart and John Galt doing on George Gilder's roll of distinguished forebears? Murray Rothbard, maybe, but *George Gilder*? The man who first argued that altruism and capitalism are inseparable? It just doesn't add up—unless, perhaps, Ayn Rand's novels have had some kind of effect on their more intelligent readers out of all proportion to their (minimal) inherent good sense.

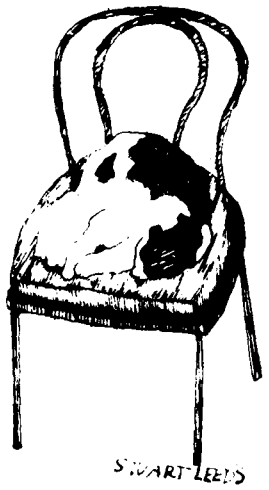
Again, Whittaker Chambers on *Atlas Shrugged*:

> At first, we try to tell ourselves that . . . this mind has, somehow, mislaid the discriminating knack that most of us pray will warn us in time of the difference between what is effective and firm, and what is wildly grotesque and excessive. Soon we suspect something worse. We suspect that this mind finds, precisely in extravagance, some exalting merit; feels a surging release of power and passion precisely in smashing up the house.

Sixteen is a good age to like hard rock, Wagner, or intellectual house-smashing. When I was 16, I was just coming out of a heavy flirtation with the New Left. Though callow, I wasn't stupid, and it didn't take me too many close readings of the Port Huron Statement or Abbie Hoffman's latest tome (*Steal This Book*, I think it was) to figure out that the political company I had been keeping was more than a little disreputable. I was looking for something that seemed more in touch with reality; and, though the high-school library didn't have *The Conservative Affirmation* or *The Constitution of Liberty* or *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*, it did have—sitting on the fiction shelf like a time bomb—*Atlas Shrugged*.

Sixteen is also a good age to encounter Ayn Rand. In fact, 16 may be the *only* age to encounter Ayn Rand; for those qualities which Whittaker Chambers found suggestive of something a little peculiar in a grown-up philosopher-novelist just happen to be ideal fare for a frustrated adolescent in search of fresh ideas. I'm not sure when Mr. Gilder first came across the writings of Miss Rand, but I spent a delightful month out of my 16th year plowing through every book I could find by the author of *Atlas Shrugged* instead of studying for my driver's-license exam. I scored 85 on the written test and barely passed parallel parking; but when it came to Objectivist epistemology, I would have aced any final, written or oral. It didn't last, thank God, and I had a terrible mental hangover when it was all over; but, as Dr. Johnson would have said, my mind had been forcibly cleared of a great deal of liberal cant, and I was ready for a more lasting encounter a few weeks later: my first copy of *NR*.

This nostalgic memoir—which I suspect may have a familiar ring for more than a few readers—helps, I think, to answer the question: just what is it about *Atlas Shrugged* that appeals to otherwise intelligent people? No doubt some folks read it for the story, that thousand-page Fantasy Mountain yarn with Mr. Rourke-d'Anconia welcoming you to Galt's Gulch in a ripe Chilean accent; and there must be a few masochists here and there who read it for the sex. But it seems likely that most people who read it are 16-year-olds (of various ages) who find themselves carried away by the sheer mind-clearing exhilaration of unrestrained adolescent individualism; and I know a sizable number of readers, myself included, who have gone on from there to the infinitely greener pastures of true conservatism. This is no small contribution; and, though I have in the past preferred to keep the details of my youthful move to the right private, it seemed the least I could do, given the occasion, to pay tribute to the woman who made it all possible. □



The Left Bank: Writers, Artists, and Politics from the Popular Front to the Cold War
By Herbert R. Lottman
Houghton Mifflin, 319 pp., $15.95

A RUN ON THE LEFT BANK

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

This review is in two parts. The first can be skipped by readers under the age of 21 or, if older, by philistines.

The first part is for those who mourn a lost innocence, who are nostalgic about the Left Bank they never saw in its pre-World War II heyday but who wish they had; for those curious about the ancient politico-literary feuds of the Paris cafés and about the shacking up before it became "shacking up"; for those who mourn the joys, long gone, of smoking a Gauloise without worrying about the Surgeon General, of drinking "*un quart Perrier*" before it became the East Side singles-bar status symbol; those for whom the loving recital of Paris café names conjures up images of movable feasts with Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Gertrude Stein. In short, this part is for the Miniver Cheevys among us, born too late, dreaming of medieval grace and the bohemian life, for whom the 1930s are conjured up by the title of a song and a book by Elliot Paul, *The Last Time I Saw Paris*.

The second half of the review is heavy, man, heavy. It's all about the lying engaged in by Left Bank intellectuals on behalf of the kindly but erratic chap with the moustaches and peasant boots who hung out in the Kremlin during the high noon of the Left Bank, from the 1930s to the 1950s.

I like the names of the cafés in and around Montparnasse and Saint-Germain-des-Prês—Deux Magots, Flore, Rotonde, Dôme, La Coupole (where Ilya Ehrenburg had a corner during the Thirties), Le Mahieu on the Boulevard Saint-Michel (which Lenin made his

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base), the Brasserie Lipp. The Left Bank was a narrow strip of old houses on older streets along the Seine and surrounding the church and square of Saint-Germain. The Académie Française, the powerful publishing houses like Gallimard, the magazines and avant-garde reviews, their editors, contributors, and readers, all called the Left Bank home, *mon village*. It was the site of Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare & Co., of Adrienne Monnier's La Maison des Amis des Livres. The Left Bank meant the Ecole Normale Supérieure, the elite school of higher education whose graduate teachers included Jean Jaurès, Léon Blum, Charles Péguy, Romain Rolland, Jules Romains, Jean Giraudoux, Raymond Aron, Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, Simone Weil, and Georges Pompidou, among many, many others. "One is a *normalien*," Pompidou once said, "as one is a prince of the blood."

Today, of course, the products of the Ecole Nationale d'Administration have supplanted the *normaliens*, just as the committed intellectuals ("*écrivains engagés*," as Sartre called them) have been replaced by the far less influential "*nouveaux philosophes*" of the 1970s. For in the 1980s, despite the Mitterrand Socialist victory, France is a land well-described by the title of a front-page commentary in *Le Monde* last March, as "*Le Désert idéologique français*."

It was during the 1930s, at the height of Stalin's mass repression of the peasantry and his purge of nearly everybody, that the Left Bank intellectuals demonstrated the power of culture over politics, particularly formidable in a country like France with its revolutionary tradition and its widespread acceptance of the Big Lie that there are no enemies on the Left. All this is the stuff and theme of Lottman's well-researched intellectual history, rich in anecdote and political perception. He describes the Left Bank intellectuals in the Thirties and Fifties as a weird mix of Sartreans, surrealists, and people the newspapers called "existentialists."

"Their common denominator was anti-Fascism, and Communism their reference," writes Lottman. "Either they had been Communists, were presently Communists, or would become Communists."

Few of these Left Bank intellectuals wanted to or dared stay out of the Soviet orbit, even those who knew what was going on in the Soviet Union, and even though they knew they were being manipulated by Stalin's personal emissary to the Left Bank, Ilya Ehrenburg. With the rare exception of an André Gide, who wrote about his disillusion after a visit to the Soviet Union (he was not permitted to discuss Soviet mistreatment of homosexuals), most Left Bank intellectuals remained staunch Communist Party supporters, or at least *progressistes* who willingly enlisted in front organizations devised by Willy Muenzenberg, the Comintern agent whom Romain Rolland described as "this great artist in revolutions" and whose first assistant was the erstwhile true believer, Arthur Koestler.

Things, of course, changed after World War II, but not immediately. The war still went on in France between the Communists and the anti-Communists, as Stalin's cold war against free intellect, mounted by Andrei Zhdanov, enflamed the Left Bank barricades. When Gide died in February 1951 at the age of 81, the ever-generous *l'Humanité* offered its salute: "It is a cadaver that has just died."

Lottman makes it clear that these Left Bank intellectuals were not dupes; they knew exactly what they were doing. They were "guerrillas in the field of culture," to use a phrase popularized by the revolutionists on the Columbia University campus in 1968. With the decay of the French aristocratic society between 1880 and the early 1920s, the Left Bank bohemians came to the top, the new arbiters of culture, revolution, and counter-revolution. World War I had destroyed what had once appeared to be a stable bourgeois world, and now the godless Nietzschean universe was given a Left Bank deity, the destructive Marxist-Leninist class-struggle doctrine, by which everything Stalin permitted was permissible.

Most French intellectuals today seem to understand what happened, except, of course, for some beached coelacanths like Régis Debray, Mitterrand's emissary to Central America. The Left Bank was once a mighty power not only in France but in intellectual circles in the U.S., Britain, and other democracies: political Bunthornes discoursing in novel phrases about their complicated state of mind. Like Marxism itself, now bereft of its once unchallenged domination of intellectual discourse, the French intellectuals, including the present lot, now have to face the disaster they helped bring down upon their

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST MAY TITLES: *America in Search of Itself: The Making of the President, 1956-1980* (Harper & Row, $15.95), by Theodore H. White, makes a powerful case for his theory that the liberalism of the last quarter-century has fatally overreached itself. . . . In *American Journey: Traveling with Tocqueville in Search of Democracy in America* (Simon & Schuster, $14.95), Richard Reeves retraces the route traveled in 1831 by the French aristocrat and finds a country "more democratic than even Tocqueville could imagine."

In *The Catholic Concept of Politics and the State* (Franciscan Herald Press, $17.95), Thomas Molnar explores Catholic philosophy and offers an alternative to the prevailing views of Voegelin and Strauss.

Uncivil Liberties (Ticknor & Fields, $10.95), by Calvin Trillin, is a collection of pieces, many of them written for *The Nation*, many of them rather wacky, which don't seem quite to measure up to his wonderful food books.

John Foster Dulles: The Road to Power (Free Press, $19.95), by Ronald W. Pruessen, is a lengthy and rather jaundiced biography of Eisenhower's Secretary of State. . . . Robert Harris and Jeremy Paxman's *A Higher Form of Killing: The Secret Story of Chemical and Biological Warfare* (Hill & Wang, $14.95) is selectively indignant about American stockpiles of nerve gas enough "to kill the entire population of the world four times over."

Thomas Hardy: A Biography (Random House, $25), by Michael Millgate, is a superbly written, very important, study of the great English novelist.

■ COMING IN JUNE: Peter F. Drucker, the distinguished writer of books about economics and management, has turned his hand to a work of fiction with *The Last of All Possible Worlds* (Harper & Row, $12.95), a story of finance and romance involving three partners in the fictive Bank of London and Austria and set in 1906. —CW

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country by their irresponsible left-utopianism. In this sense, Lottman's book is a sad and bitter chronicle of the golden lads and girls who come to dust. □

The Distortion of America
By Oscar Handlin
Atlantic/Little, Brown, 154 pp., $10.95

THE NIGHTMARE OF OSCAR HANDLIN

M. E. BRADFORD

Professor Oscar Handlin of Harvard is a highly respected scholar, a gifted interpreter of American social history. In politics he is an old-fashioned liberal, vintage Adlai Stevenson—although (as he has often reiterated) not *too* liberal. For he is also a patriot and still convinced that the cure for what ails the modern world lies in some version of the American proposition: *our* social system, *our* politics, *our* economy. In *The Distortion of America* he has gathered a number of his occasional writings that express his reservations concerning the current version of the liberal agenda. Most especially, in the area of foreign policy he is "polemical and passionate" in his animadversions on the failure of the Left to take a stand for freedom and against that species of myopia which notices only the shortcomings of the United States while ignoring the spread of officially benevolent totalitarianism.

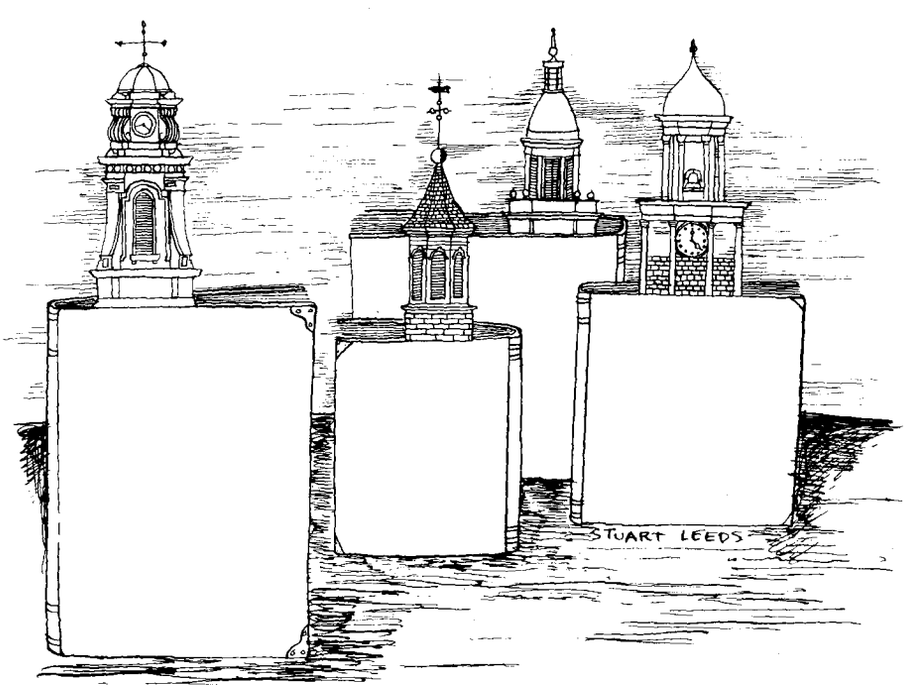
In Handlin's view the explanation for America's retreat from its "destiny" as "the watchman on the walls" is a loss of "will and sense of purpose" among his brethren on the Left: a weakening of their commitment to the aspirations and standards for international relations once summarized in Wendell Willkie's 1943 essay, *One World.* According to Handlin's explanation, establishment intellectuals and trendy middle-class liberals (professional and paraprofessional types) retreated to their "enclaves" and came to distrust democracy when the "blue-collared, hard-hatted masses" refused to live in the "utopian haze" of a "fantasy world"—or to take their directions from that self-appointed *aristoi* "whose capital is knowledge."

Driven by the ever-growing "concern with personal well-being and the erosion of voluntary self-restraint," liberalism, in Handlin's view, degenerated from a coherent and rational plan for the good of society into nothing more rigorous than a "soft, comforting bundle of sentiments." Turning away from our historical sense of America as the "last, best hope of earth," angry with the public repudiation of its insular version of the General Will (what the people would *really* want if they had enjoyed the proper education—and what they *require*, whether or not it is what they want), American liberalism "by its own success destroyed the basis for consensus" and collective security, both here and abroad. At the resultant debacle in our foreign policy and decline in public virtue Professor Handlin is greatly disturbed. What had once been a dream has become for him a nightmare—a distortion of the essential character of the Republic.

Conservatives must be pleased to have Handlin declare his portion of the truth. On the "gullibility of the neutrals," the Third World nations which, bemused by nationalism or racial pride, imagine that they can steer a course between Soviet expansionism and alliance with the West, he is superb. He is also very impressive on what the behavior of officially Communist nations has done to discredit the Marxist ideology which they profess. When he preaches Realpolitik or assails the short-sighted opportunism of American businessmen who insist on free-market grounds that there be open trade across the Iron Curtain, we can applaud his work with warmth. The teaching of right reason is to be heard, whatever its source. Judgment and civility *are* conservative values, and they are honored in Handlin's discourse.

Yet it is also our responsibility to insist upon the necessary and causal connection between the uniformitarian and sanguine content of Handlin's "progressive" vision of a desirable future—a vision coming down to us from the Enlightenment, through (to take Handlin's own list of heroes) John Dewey, Louis Brandeis, and Oliver Wendell Holmes—and the present-day consequences of this benign delusion. The dividing line between "pursuit of the possible" in "recognition of necessity" and the illusions which allow for insistence on the "ultimately desirable" was drawn well before 1950 or 1955. Anti-Communist liberals and neoconservatives are already compromised by their view of modern history when they attempt to call a halt to the radical transformation of society by basic doctrines (equality, meliorism, universalism, freedom from social restraint) they have already embraced in the abstract.

The inertia toward primitivism, permissiveness, and incivility goes back at least as far as 1789, with the French Revolution and the Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen, and per-



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haps to an even earlier point, with Cromwell, Locke, and Rousseau. It has had some force in the American context, at least since 1860. The way not to have Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern, and John Anderson is not to have Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Put another way, the potential of Handlin's nightmare was hidden within his dream from the beginning. To successfully deny the one, we must say no to both. □

Russian Avant-Garde Art: The George Costakis Collection
Edited by Angelica Zander Rudenstine
Abrams, 527 pp., $75

A MOST HAPPY FELLA

RUTH BERENSON

The phenomenon of George Costakis, the Russian-born Greek whose stupendous collection of twentieth century Russian art was shown, though only in part, at the Guggenheim Museum this past fall, has intrigued the art world ever since rumors about his collection started trickling through the Iron Curtain in the mid-1960s. How could anyone living in the Soviet Union, let alone someone who was not a Communist Party member in good standing, get away with collecting this officially proscribed art, and in such quantities? The news that Costakis had managed to leave the Soviet Union in 1977 bringing so many of his treasures with him added to the mystery.

The present book, therefore, though it is mainly a detailed *catalogue raisonné* of the collection, should interest a much broader readership than the somewhat narrow circle of scholars to whom its compiler, Angelica Zander Rudenstine, has addressed it. S. Frederick Starr's introduction and the autobiographical essay contributed by Mr. Costakis dispel much of the mystery, and provide a fascinating account of how a resourceful—and driven—individual (Mr. Costakis was as compulsive an art buyer as William Randolph Hearst) could take advantage of the Communist system to achieve a wholly capitalistic end.

The fact that Costakis is not Russian but Greek made all the difference. He was born in 1912 in Moscow, where his family had moved five years earlier. Apparently their lives were not greatly disrupted by the Revolution (which they opposed on religious grounds), for a French governess was employed for the children and George served as an altar boy for four years at the Greek Orthodox Church of St. Dimitri of Salonika; he has always remained a faithful communicant. During the turbulent Twenties his education suffered, however, and he was not admitted to a university. Thus barred from the professions, he became an auto mechanic, and then chauffeur with the Greek embassy. It paid him enough to get married and set up housekeeping in the relative luxury of a two-room apartment with a communal kitchen and toilet facilities.

For anyone bitten by the collecting bug—and George had a virulent case—Moscow in the 1930s was unadulterated heaven. In desperate need of hard currency, the Soviet government began a massive sale of art to foreigners. But the same policy also aided less well-heeled foreigners like Costakis, and even ordinary Soviet citizens, for upper-class families who had been unable to flee were pawning their valuables to survive, and anyone was permitted to buy from government pawnshops. Moreover, by 1932 the government had had to reintroduce differential wages based on merit so that gradually a new and relatively prosperous elite came into being which had no need to apologize for its prosperity.

DURING this period Costakis began buying, first antiques, Oriental carpets, and Russian silver, and then seventeenth century Dutch paintings. It wasn't long before he, his wife, and their three children could hardly move around in their modest quarters. By the time the Hitler-Stalin pact was signed in 1939 he had acquired some forty paintings—and then it all came to an end: Greek embassy personnel were sent home and he lost his job.

Refusing to take advantage of the American visa he had been thoughtfully given, since he feared his wife, a Soviet citizen, would not be allowed to accompany him, he also (foresightedly) declined a job offer from the German ambassador. Instead, he managed to obtain free lodging by house-sitting in the Finnish embassy, which had been closed after the Soviet invasion of Finland, and survived the early war years by selling off bits and pieces of his collection. In 1943 he found a job with the Canadian embassy, where he soon made himself indispensable as their go-between in all their nondiplomatic dealings with the Soviets. He remained with the Canadians for the next 34 years, paid, of course, in dollars. Though he didn't know it yet, he was all set.

The Soviets' Orwellian success at rewriting their own country's history can be gauged by the fact that until 1947 Costakis had never seen an abstract painting, except for some Picasso reproductions. Neither he nor anyone he knew had the slightest inkling of the glorious flowering of art that had begun in Russia in the early 1900s and broken so much new ground before its extinction by Stalin and socialist realism—though in fact the whole phenomenon had coincided precisely with his own childhood and adolescence.

His first clue was provided by a chance glimpse of a brilliantly colored abstraction by Olga Goncharova. It hit him right between the eyes—the colors especially: they made his Dutch paintings seem drab by comparison. He began to ask around, trying to learn more, to find out what had become of these artists, to track them or their survivors down and acquire their works before it was too late. Already much had perished through neglect, and also because many of those involved were ashamed to be associated with something which had been judged politically dangerous. Nevertheless Costakis persisted, and before long not an inch of space could be found either in his Moscow apartment, which was much more spacious than the one he had lived in before the war, or in his dacha.

By the 1960s word of what Costakis was doing had reached the West, and Costakis's apartment was thronged with visitors—and not only from abroad. For a long time his activities seemed immune from government interference, a fact he attributes to the otherwise infamous Minister of Culture, Ekaterina Furtseva: she herself sufficiently valued this outlawed art to protect the Director of the Russian Museum in Leningrad who, following in Costakis's footsteps, was surreptitiously acquiring it.

In 1974, however, Costakis began to realize that the climate was changing. It began with the famous "bulldozer exhibition," when artists who had been denied permission to show their work officially finally persuaded the authorities to let them have an exhibition in

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an empty Moscow lot, and then had to stand by and watch a bulldozer demolish it. Costakis soon learned that he had been accused of helping to sponsor this ill-fated venture; not long after that, his dacha—and all its contents—was burned to the ground, and his Moscow apartment was burgled twice.

To receive permission to emigrate, Costakis gave the bulk of the collection, including what he says were some of its finest pieces, to Moscow's Tretyakov Museum, a plan he had worked out with Furtseva some years before and which he believes to have been perfectly fair, especially since he believes that the Soviet authorities, pressured by the ever-growing international reputation of this art, "were gradually trying to find a way to accept it officially." As to the more than 1,500 paintings and sculptures they let him get away with, they are squirreled away in Athens where he now lives, a most happy fella. □

Steaming to Bamboola
By Christopher Buckley
Congdon & Lattès, 222 pp., $14.95

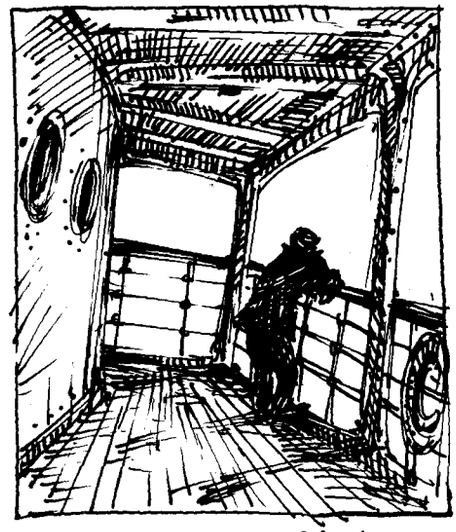
SCREENED PERSONNEL

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Samuel Johnson observed that every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea. The present book assuages such regrets.

When a Buckley traverses a large body of water, the predictable result is a well-written book. That much is beyond controversy by now. Any mild doubts as to whether *Steaming to Bamboola* is true to form may be laid to rest by dipping in at random. Here is a description of a helicopter rescue of an injured sailor who needed to be flown ashore:

> The helicopter caught up like a fat bumblebee. It came up over the poop deck very slowly. The Chief Mate yelled, "Don't touch the basket till they lower the grounding wire—you'll get electrocuted." (If you grab a cable dangling from a helicopter before the cable has touched the ground, the electrical current generated by its engines can kill you.) The *tupatupatupatupatupa* of the rotor blades, now 15 feet above the poop deck, swept away every loose bit of dirt, tar, salt, rag, fuzz, lint, rust, butts, scum, slops, grease, soot, and seagull droppings. The poop deck was never again so clean. McGowan, lying in the stretcher, alone, directly beneath the source of the maelstrom, had his sunglasses stripped off his face and his Louis L'Amour paperback blown away. The grounding wire touched the deck, and down dropped a corpsman in a bright orange flight suit.



The deck is that of the pseudonymous *S.S. Columbianna*, a 523-foot merchant-marine ship with seven decks, all told, and an inordinate concentration of misfits. Christopher Buckley (son of Bill) fulfilled a boyhood yearning by joining the crew on a voyage across the Atlantic and back. If his account has a moral, it is an entry in the Captain's routine report of a fight between two of the crewmen: "Recommend more careful screening of personnel."

The personnel, however, seem in most cases to be at sea as a result of having been screened out of the landlubber community. One had shot his brother to death. Another admitted to having killed a man ashore, but wouldn't say for what offense he had done time. Still another suffers from chronic acidity issuing from a stabbing by a jealous girlfriend. (He had, with fatalistic charity, declined to press charges. *"What the hell? You put her in jail, and that ain't gonna heal the wound. And the kids"* —hers, not his—*" 'll go to an orphanage."*)

A town so populated with such men might be eventful enough. A ship crammed with them simmers with menace. "Bodine and Francis did not overlook many chances to call each other 'nigger' and 'you old drunk' when they met in passageways, but this had been going on so long it was clearly a platonic relationship." The hostility is circumscribed by mutual fear—Hobbes would have nodded knowingly—but also by mutual need. Even the misfits aren't, on the whole, crazy. They save most of their violence for when they go ashore and get drunk. And of course they are usually ready to intervene in others' fights, maintaining a general peace. Despite the chronic problems of drink and drugs, most of the crew are instinctively ethical about the life of the sea.

They take a certain pride in their grim experiences, each having his harrowing tale to tell: they have been witness to suicide, murder, accidental death, the execution of a stowaway returned to port in the new Ethiopia.

They are practiced raconteurs:

> "I took the watch. And the moon came out behind the clouds—like tonight—and ahead of us I see this . . . *thing* on the horizon. I think—the Jap sub! I sound the GQ [General Quarters]. I'm going to ram that Jap son of a bitch. I'm calling down to the engine room and telling them to give me everything they've got—15 nozzles! I say, 'Get ready to ram. We're going to ram that Jap bastard.' The engineer says, '*What?*' I say, 'We're going to ram that Jap submarine.' The guy in charge of the navy gunners calls me up on the bridge and says, 'What's going on here?' I say, 'We're going to ram this sub. Get on the guns!'
>
> "But the guns turn out to be jammed from salt water. They can't get the triggers to depress. Fine time to find out. 'Well, to hell with the guns,' I say. 'Get ready to ram. Get ready!' We're almost on top of it. '*Stand fast!*' People are running all over the ship. There's all sorts of confusion. Now we're about thirty yards from it, closing fast, about to hit—and up out of the water comes a big tail."

The tail of a whale.

Buckley records thousands of details and conversations with excellent eye, ear, and vivid precision of style. The parts are admirable. The whole is another matter. One longs for a few of what the movie business calls distancing shots, backing off from individual incidents and personnel to give the big picture. How many crewmen are there? About two hundred, I gather. But the reader is left somewhat foggy about the social order of the ship.

As narrator, Buckley suppressed himself and tells his story in the third person. This severe objectivity may en-

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hance the accuracy and clarity of the parts, but it costs something in texture. Without wishing he were Hunter Thompson, giving himself top billing, I wish he had shown his own interaction with the other characters. He might have made his own reactions explicit without obtruding; in fact, since there is no unifying thread of plot to supply significance, a more personal tone would have helped complete the characterizations. Edit Boswell out of the *Life of Johnson*, and you have a poorer book.

I gather that Buckley's reaction to his experience is somewhat like my own: a kind of affectionate pity for the men he met, with an underlying despair at the spectacle of lives so given to unfocused dissipation—lives that need, not censure, but sanctification. *Steaming to Bamboola* is a brilliant maritime *Inferno*. But there is scarcely a hint that this world can even co-exist with a *Paradiso*. □

FILM

GENRE: AND A BIT BEYOND

JOHN SIMON

Barry Levinson wrote and directed *Diner*, a film about six youths in the Baltimore of 1959; what is particularly nice about it is that, though autobiographical, it does not glamorize or sentimentalize the past—or only slightly, near the end, almost as an afterthought.

The boys, a couple of years out of high school, are getting ready for Eddie's wedding to Elyse, whom we never see, and who is boning up for a football quiz her fanatical Colts fan of a husband-to-be will give her two days before the ceremony; if she scores under 65, the marriage is off. Now, I find this a little hard to believe, but Levinson buttresses his case well. Eddie is so crazy about football and the Colts that the wedding-party colors have to be those of his team; moreover he is a virgin ("technically," as he defensively puts it), and leery of marriage because his pal Shrevie, having married his high-school sweetheart, Beth, is already bored with board, if not with bed. Beth does not share Shrevie's passion for pop music, disrupts the alphabetical order of his precious records, and has very little conversation. At least football could shore up Eddie's marriage.

Boogie is the Casanova of the group. He works as a beautician, but pretends to go to law school at night (it impresses the girls), and augments his income by betting on everything conceivable, which gets him into serious trouble with some petty racketeers when he cannot make good on a lost bet on the Colts. Fundamentally good-natured, his exploits are often hilarious, as when he bets that he can get good-looking Carol Heathrow to grab his penis at the movies with other gang members present as "validators." Or they can be touching, as when he refuses to have sex with the neglected Beth, which proves a blessing because, unbeknown to Boogie, one of the validators hiding in his closet is Shrevie, Beth's husband.

Another of the guys is spoiled Fenwick, a dropout and boozer, now living off a small trust fund, but soon to come into a major fortune. Fenwick is all cynical mischief and practical jokes, yet he does have his good sides, as when he tries hard to raise the money Boogie needs, or when he watches *College Bowl* on TV and comes up with the correct answers ahead of the contestants—an improbable but charming touch. Then there is Billy, a clean-cut fellow back from his out-of-town college for Eddie's wedding, and also to see his pregnant girlfriend, Diane, who, though fond of him, prefers to offer up the baby for adoption; it is the product of a single night's folly, and she refuses to marry Billy under duress. Finally, there is Modell, who provides comic relief by being so indecisive as to be unable even to ask a friend outright for a ride home from the diner.

That eponymous hangout is where the boys convene every night (or so it seems) for supper, and even more for schemes, bets, discussions (who is better, Sinatra or Johnny Mathis?), and sex talk. There, as also in the homes and on car radios and at school dances, the pop music of the period blares away. By now, the obvious similarities to George Lucas's *American Graffiti* should have struck you, though the differences are more important. Whereas *Graffiti* had more energy and inventiveness, *Diner* has more of the seedy look, feel, smell of truth. These kids are both ludicrous and pathetic, although the film does not encourage condescension or beg for sympathy. It generally sticks to sympathetic objectivity by treating the camera as a jovial bystander, not as a judge or co-conspirator, and by allowing for a variety of interpretations rather than being possessive about *the* truth. A chunk of life is broken off and served up without a fancy sauce to disguise its natural taste.

True, there are less successful episodes. Sometimes there is too much improvisation (always an overrated device), and a scene like the one in a strip-joint or the final one on horseback contains too much euphoria or wishful thinking. The Billy-Diane story is too fragmentary, and there may be too many happy resolutions, though it can be argued that these happy endings are not the real end. Indeed, there is something precarious about many of the incidents; they have slightly too ragged edges to make suitable building blocks for a solid future. Fenwick's random generosity may well atrophy, the reconciliation of Beth and Shrevie may not last, Eddie must cheat his way into marriage with Elyse. The dankness, darkness, drabness of Baltimore 1959—and of a certain lower-middle-class malaise anytime, anywhere—are bravely captured here, even if I have little sympathy for the characters' values.

Though the writing has its lapses, the directing and acting are solid throughout. Since I cannot mention each and every member of a large cast of total or relative unknowns, I doff my hat to them collectively. Commendable, too, is Peter Sova's cinematography, with its deliberately garish or sullied look. Though Levinson may have committed minor anachronisms (a Bergman Festival in a theater in Baltimore, 1959?), he has firmly yet unobtrusively grasped some modest but timeless truths.

I CAN SELDOM follow the intricacies of a complicated gangster movie, and if much of the language is, as here, Cockney, I am doubly lost. Nevertheless, *The Long Good Friday*—a British gangster picture that in some ways espouses and in others transcends its genre—is so clearly a superior piece of craftsmanship as to make complaints about its less than total comprehensibility (or, indeed, credibility) seem almost petty cavils. There is so much authenticity of atmosphere, authority of direction, and veracity of acting as to satisfy something more primeval than the craving for pellucid logic.

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The initial sequences, to be sure, make wildly inordinate demands on us. Not only do we begin *in medias res* with a vengeance, we begin in several *res* simultaneously through cross-cutting, and I defy any viewer, especially a non-British one, to fathom what is happening, or even remember enough of it to make sense of it retroactively. But once past this hurdle, and despite occasional others, we can race along with the film's visual, verbal, and histrionic pyrotechnics, and revel in the basic intelligence and technical prowess.

Harold Shand has become London's almost benevolent criminal overlord, and is about to go respectable. Besides owning all manner of clubs, casinos, restaurants, and such, he is about to build, along a slum-lined stretch of the Thames, a huge marina, Olympic stadium, hotel, and shopping complex; a Mafia boss and his lawyer have come from New York to underwrite part of the project. A marvelous party on Harold's yacht at the proposed site is presided over by Victoria, Harold's spunky mistress, but bad news erupts on this Good Friday. A homosexual lieutenant of Harold's has been stabbed to death at a public swimming pool, Harold's Rolls and chauffeur were blown to bits moments before his mother came out of church to get into the car, another explosion guts a fancy pub Harold owns just as he and his American guests are arriving for dinner, and nobody—not his men, not the crooked cop who protects him, not the stoolie who works for that cop, not various lesser gangsters whom he hangs upside down from meathooks in an abattoir among the sides of beef—can tell Harold who is doing this to him.

Harold's hegemony is at stake; so is the deal with the progressively more restive American mobsters. A ten years' gangland peace has been broken, with no new mob powerful enough to be the possible cause. Alas, I cannot tell you more of the plot, which, in turn, makes cogent comments impossible. I can say, however, that the film turns—almost imperceptibly, which is to its credit—into a provocative moral and political allegory, as grim as it is amusing. And, though brutal, the violence is managed with artistry, almost with taste.

John Mackenzie, a director fresh out of television, handles some standard devices such as zooms, matching shots, racked focus with great finesse, and has a splendid eye for grotesque, macabre,

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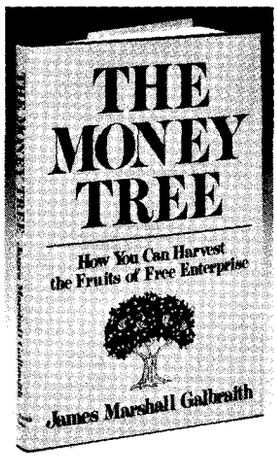

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or merely picturesque details. The script by Barry Keeffe, one of England's better young playwrights, is literate as well as cunning and earthy. The acting is impeccable down to the tiniest role, with Helen Mirren remarkable as the tough and clever yet not invulnerable Victoria, and Bob Hoskins spectacular as Harold, managing to be at once flamboyant and understated, ruthlessly intelligent and believably purblind. A criminal Everyman, his downfall has something epic, if not eschatological, about it. □

SOUND ON DISC

AGAIN THE 'MIDDLE QUARTETS'

RALPH de TOLEDANO

So much has been written by so many about the Beethoven quartets that it should be the better part of criticism simply to say: So-and-so has recorded quartets such-and-such with *x* success. But all criticism, or reviewing, is really an exercise with the cud. Yet from it, no pun intended, we may strike a chord. Even in iteration there is some virtue.

The string quartet as such offers much to the critic. Symphonies are like an oil painting, the string quartet like an etching. Both are or were based on the sonata form. But in the former the composer has at his disposal the full orchestral palette. He can dazzle or obscure with the entire range of sonorities and dynamics and instrumental contrasts—and he can seduce with the whole orchestra's color and texture.

But two violins, a viola, and a cello —with limited dynamics and a set texture—do not have the orchestra's *son et lumière*. Paucity or fullness of invention is starkly clear, and the musical argument is dialectic. But with Beethoven, once he had mastered the form in his early quartets, the dimensions changed.

In the *Eroica*, Beethoven had burst out of the classical symphony and made it an expression which turned both inward and outward—as good an approach to romanticism as any. So it is with the Middle Quartets. What had been a polite discussion became a battleground of ideas and emotions—they too are ideas—on which he fought ferociously. From No. 7, the first of the Rasoumovsky quartets, and onward he made but a pretense of remaining within the confines of the sonata form. Spacious development is interrupted by abrupt harmonic shifts and sudden thematic changes (themes which Vincent d'Indy said crossly were but *dessins accessoires*). His structure did not rely on counterpoint but on the confrontation of keys and rhythms, of the long notes against the quavers.

The impetuosity and energy of his writing might have passed for improvisation, at which he was a master, but for the evidence of his notebooks, whose polite themes, when worked and reworked, became precious metal. Can we forget that the slow movement of the Fifth Symphony was first jotted down as an inconspicuous minuet?

The musicians who gave the first Rasoumovsky quartet its debut laughed as they played it, certain that Beethoven was playing a musical joke on his patron. The critics literally raged, believing that he had done unconscionable violence to traditions which they clutched to their spare bosoms. Buffoon or madman! they cried out. The wonderful lyricism of some of his passages they could accept. But the controlled passion of other passages frightened them, and they could not see that he was drawing out of four stringed instruments their full resources.

Now the Alban Berg Quartet—musicians who devote themselves full-time to the string quartet—have recorded Nos. 7 to 11 (Seraphim, SIC 6122). Over the years, I have heard other ensembles traverse these great and exciting "middle" quartets, from the four-square Germanic Busch to the finely polished Budapest. I have heard them on records and in live performance. But, *mea culpa*, I have always felt that something was wanting. The salt and pepper were not there. I do not have this feeling when I listen to the Alban Berg Quartet. For it gives us more than a letter-perfect reading. It reaches into the guts of the music and breaks through to the composer's intent. The playing is sensitive but muscular, as Beethoven was muscular.

For the first time, for me at least, the inner voices are not silenced by pleasant sound. The polyphony is distinct. And in No. 10, Opus 74—the "Harp" quartet—the *pizzicato* is not "soft" as in other performances but percussive, as I am sure Beethoven meant it to be. In the contrapuntal passages—that is as close as Beethoven got to what had been the mandatory fugue—the interplay of voices is sharply etched as each instrument speaks clearly and precisely. The listener is never engulfed in sound—he is challenged by music.

There have been many recordings of these quartets, and I am sure there will be many others, but I suspect that it will be a long time before there is a better.

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The GIMLET EYE

GUARDING CRIMINALS

D. KEITH MANO

Eyes: Blue. Hair: A precocious grey. Nationality: Aggravated Irish. Distinguishing marks: A grim, ironic, slightly wasted look. Modus operandi: Follow the rule book. Sentence: Has been guarding prisoners at an upstate New York penitentiary since 1963. Name: Mind your own business. And nothing but nothing he says is for attribution.

"Look at me, I'm not big. God knows I'm sure not in the shape I useta be in. For eight hours I'm in a jungle with these animals. I mean, like, gorgeous animals. Six foot three, four, five, rip-

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pling muscles, panthers they are, in the prime of youth. I've got no weapon. Am I afraid? I'm always afraid. Hey, they're in 24 hours, I'm in for eight. I come from the swing set and the supermarket, no way I can be jungle-sharp the way they are. My nerves go. One year to retirement—I'm getting out and it isn't too soon. I don't volunteer for overtime. And the state makes us hire female guards. Jesus, you think we can put them inside?

"Say there's fifty men lined up for dinner. Say one gets his chocolate cake ripped off. 'Hey, man, my cake, man. I ain't movin' without my mo-fo cake.' I say—I gotta talk the same way, you gotta have the same rhythm—I say, 'Okay, man. If there's some mo-fo cake left after, we'll see. Now, my good man, now you gotta move on.' But he's not moving without his cake—and there's 49 other cons waiting t'see what I'm gonna do about it.

"Now, look—I don't know this cat. His name, maybe. Also he's got thirty iron-hard pounds on me, I know that. But I don't wanna know him as a person. They're all the same: they don't wear G on their forehead for Good or M for Murderer. The minute they think you care—that you've identified them from the rest—then they figure they can get over on you. Run some swift changes. Me, I've got one thing on my side: the regulations. I will do exactly what the regulations say. My face never changes, I've got a regulation face. I've built this image around me—cold, dead. No, not macho. You gotta *want* t'be macho. A prison guard isn't supposed t'have even that much emotion

"So this dude who got his cake ripped off, he takes a swing at me. We're rolling on the floor: I'm mostly protecting my head and my nuts, hoping that the other 49 won't decide to jump in. Someone hits the alarm bell and they separate us. But he knows what's coming. And so do I. I hate it, but I gotta do it. I mean, he took a swing at me. Still it was my fault—I showed something, maybe anger, maybe weakness. I'm not sure, but I let it happen. Next day those fifty cons are gonna be waiting. So I gotta do it—that night a couple buddies and me gotta go to his cell. I gotta go and I hate it. So who's the prisoner then, huh?

" 'Fair fight,' he says. 'Man, gimme a fair fight at least.' But there's no fair fight, no way—he'd kill me in a fair fight. I figure your head is your head

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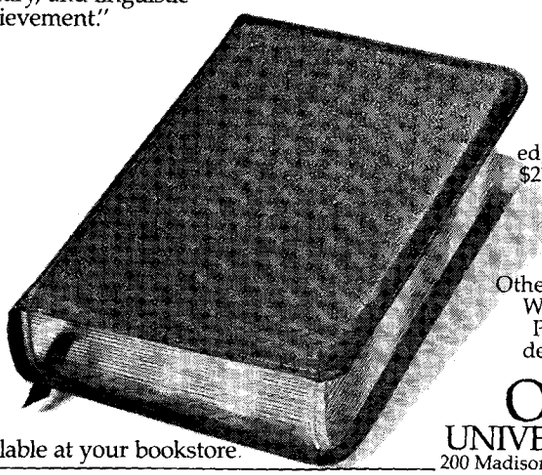

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THERE ARE two ways to look at the late great Tax Revolt of 1978-1980. One is that it is six feet under. The other is that it has died and gone to a Better Place, familiarly called the White House. Probably Alvin Rabushka and Pauline Ryan, the authors of *The Tax Revolt* (Hoover Institution Press, Stanford, Calif. 94305; $16.95), are not guilty of undue pessimism in subscribing to the former version.

On June 6, 1978, California voters endorsed Howard Jarvis's Proposition 13, a proposal to slash property taxes drastically, in a 2 to 1 landslide, and the country responded with an enthusiasm commensurate with the breathtaking realization that only *one* thing in life is *absolutely* sure. Between 1978 and 1980 most state legislatures cut at least some taxes, and by the spring of 1979 thirty states had passed indignant resolutions calling upon Congress to summon a constitutional convention to draft an amendment requiring the Federal Government to maintain a balanced budget. And then, like any other California brushfire, this one burned itself out as abruptly as it had begun. In 1980 the voters of that state were asked to approve another Jarvis invention: a proposal to cut state income taxes in half, dubbed Proposition 9. California rejected Proposition 9 as overwhelmingly as it had approved Proposition 13, and Howard Jarvis is now as much a forgotten man as John Lindsay. What happened?

It must be said at the outset that none of the terrible things opponents of Proposition 13 said would happen, did happen. Government revenues were not lost, public services were not abandoned. Instead, over the next two and a half years, 930,000 jobs were created in the state's private sector, and the economy grew to such an extent that the total tax harvest permitted a reduction in income and business taxes and the fiscal rescue of local governments, as well as the continued financing of nearly all state and local public services at their accustomed levels. "In sum," Rabushka and Ryan write, "taxpayers got $30 billion in tax cuts—without a decline in public services."

Here, as George Ade said, the fable begins to differentiate. The invisible hand moved surely, dexterously, and inexorably, while the politicians, the bureaucrats, and—cruelest cut—the citizenry prodded and fumbled and dropped the ball. The politicians of course had no difficulty at all in finding ways to circumvent Proposition 13: instead of cutting back expenditures in such areas as the voters had objected to, they took their tucks in others where the pain was greater and more immediately felt. Also, they set about implementing new user taxes, and other tricks with which to accommodate their budgetary whims.

THE voters, for their part, proved infirm of purpose before the wiles and wails of their elected representatives. The solid increase in tax revenues had produced a budget surplus—which the politicos, by continuing to act "as if underspending, not overtaxing, were the cause of voter discontent" (that is to say, by continuing to spend at the pre-Proposition 13 levels), worked hard to fritter away in two years, thus giving a measure of credence to their dismal warnings that, sooner or later, the malign effects of Proposition 13 would obtrude. Partly, therefore, from prudence, harassed Californians rejected Proposition 9 when it was offered them in 1980.

Partly too they—to put it bluntly—lost their nerve. Without the surplus, Proposition 9 raised the prospect of "real" cuts in services and new forms of taxation. If the voters, as Rabushka and Ryan suggest, acquired a measure of political realism, they also got a foretaste of insecurity. Today that taste is in the mouths of Americans less fortunately situated than the residents of the Lotus State: a fact which goes far to explain a certain disillusionment with a prominent Californian of vastly greater stature than Howard Jarvis. □

—I'm not gonna hit you in the head. But anything below the neck is mine. The shoulder, the knee—where the calcium deposits are gonna form. And you'll remember me on a rainy day for the rest of your life. But he goes down and he groans and he doubles up real quick and I hit him again: and he understands, we're dancing a dance. It's a fucking ceremony. And maybe if he yells enough I won't hit too hard. You think I get off on that? Bull. It's sick—because it's not him, it's not me. We, *we* gotta do it. Like we had to make love. Like it was our wedding night and we had to make love.

"But they know the way it's gotta go down. Prison's their turf. Some're better lawyers than you could buy outside. They just want to get over on you. Survive. Pick up a nice wife inside. They laugh at us. Sure, we've got them locked up. But my face, my emotions, I'm locked up, too. In a way they've got more rights than I do.

"For instance, ha, get this. Some guys down in New York City told me. A judge, see—kinda prissy type—is sentencing the prisoner. Cat's got no cuffs on, hands behind his back. And he's saying, 'Yessir, yessir Judge, oh, yessir.' But what the guards don't know—this wild man's just taken a dump on purpose. And all of a sudden, glop, he reaches into his pants and throws a handful at the judge. Hits him, hits the court reporter. Everybody is ducking. The judge is shrieking, 'Beat him, beat him!' But this cat is laughing. I mean, he wins, doesn't he? So he gets tapped on the shin. Will the judge ever forget what happened? No. That's what I mean, they're free. Hell, imagine throwing shit at a big authority figure, ha. Sometimes I envy it. No, not envy. But it does make me curious. This incredible freedom—and I hadda be born into the stupid, respectable middle class.

"We burn out fast. A cop: he spends time with the innocent and the guilty. Me, I get them at the end of the line. Am I doing any good? Do I ever see it? The ones in for life, you think it's gonna upset them much if I get knocked off? I'm not even worth the death penalty. What'll they do, serve two consecutive life sentences? Listen, I don't expect you to get sentimental about me. Screw that. But sometimes I think the pen has more effect on guards than it has on inmates. *We* change. I've been rehabilitated in reverse, that's what. Rehabilitated in reverse." □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE HIGH ROAD, *by Ben Bova (Houghton Mifflin, 288 pp., $11.95).* This is one of the most exciting and positive books to come out in years. The "high road" of the title is space, but this book is neither fantasy nor science fiction. It deals concretely with issues as real and timely as inflation, national security, and energy, and it makes a compelling, practical case for America's expansion outward into the space frontier. After the sorry wave of anti-growth, anti-intellectual, anti-technology screeds of the protest era, the pendulum is swinging back to an optimistic view of the human condition. We *do* have the capacity to be masters of our destiny. We not only can cope with current problems but can find new and imaginative solutions to them. For Ben Bova (of *Omni* magazine) the point is not that we live in a world of limited resources, but that we live in a solar system of *unlimited* ones. Energy, natural resources, and even *Lebensraum* are all out there, no further away in terms of scale than California was for nineteenth century wagon trains. The question is, Do we still have the spirit and the courage to reach upward for the answers to our problems? One of the main virtues of *The High Road* is that it doesn't just preach to the converted. It is written in clear, factual prose for those who haven't lost their excitement and curiosity or their reasoning powers. As Bova shows, the case for space is not just a romantic ideal but the best dollars-and-cents option we have. There is no doubt that space will be utilized—if not by us, by others. Bova puts it perfectly: "It would be the cruelest irony in human history if the Russians, of all the tyrannized people on the face of this earth, find prosperity and freedom in space while we in 'the land of the free' sink deeper and deeper into poverty, despotism, and despair."

JACK KIRWAN

H.D.: *The Life and Work of an American Poet, by Janice S. Robinson (Houghton Mifflin, 490 pp., $17.95).* In 1916, H.D. (Hilda Doolittle, 1886-1961) published a poem entitled "Sheltered Garden," which ended: *"O to blot out this garden / to forget, to find a new beauty / in some terrible / wind-tortured place."* In many ways that deceptively simple quatrain says as much about H.D.'s life and art as an epic poem. Her childhood in a Philadelphia suburb was sheltered and quite religious (Moravian Protestant). When she went to London in 1911, expecting to marry Ezra Pound, she wanted a "new beauty." The "terrible wind-tortured place" she sought was the world of experience:

(Continues on page 579)

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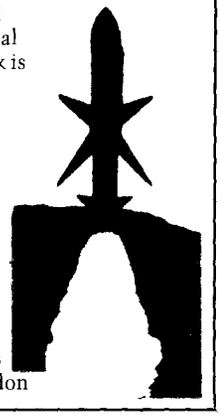

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KOBRYN

(Continued from page 552)

meaning of "Free Speech" at WBAI and Pacifica. Management and staff alike valiantly insist that they are open to divergent views, regretting deeply the "unfortunate" fact that, according to the Program Director, "not once" has he been approached by a conservative seeking air time. The fact that the overwhelming majority of air time, while purportedly open to any perspective unrepresented in the established commercial media, is taken up by the crudest form of leftist propaganda, is countered by the unswerving asseveration that such is simply not the case. And while one may win the occasional grudging concession that "there is a broad left-of-center line, perhaps," this will be eclipsed by a quick reversion to the central line that there is, in fact, no "line" at all—only Free Speech.

Neither the station nor Pacifica itself need be misunderstood. The Program Director, in fact, "makes no bones about" the fact that he is an "ideologue and a Communist revolutionary" who would resign at once rather than pretend otherwise. In summarizing that generous tolerance of widely divergent opinion which is the hallmark of Free Speech Radio, he notes: "Ultimately, I think, all decent human beings would like to see a world in which most people, if not everybody, is living fairly decently: which is to say, they have a place to live, food to eat, and so on. I mean, that's basically what this station is trying to do. If there are some people that say we should arrive at this objective this way, that way, the other way, we give them air time. If there are some people that are saying that people should not have food—like Stockman—and have no rights, [that] the government shouldn't provide for them—we have no space for them."

Any form of direct attack on Pacifica, unless it were carried out with singular speed and skill, would almost certainly prove counterproductive. *Nothing* so well serves Pacifica as being attacked. Indeed, it is arguably the only thing Pacifica does truly well. As an institution it has been both skillful and successful in establishing a reputation for "openness," "free speech," and the like. The fact that such claims are ludicrous fazes Pacifica not in the least. To criticize Pacifica merely exposes the critic as some sort of fascist whose one aim is to stifle Free Speech.

Pacifica's standards for itself are rather more flexible. Shortly before the 1980 election in Jamaica, Pacifica had positioned what it believed to be a suitably "objective" reporter in that country in order to cover the evil machinations of the CIA. When that reporter, deeply disturbed by the terrorist tactics of the leftist candidate she was meant to support, actually attempted to report her observations, she found her news feeds very selectively edited. And then still more selectively edited. When she protested, they were deleted altogether. And when she protested further, she was forced to resign. She had, according to the News Director, "lost her objectivity."

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HANNAH

(Continued from page 558)

on your gayest clothes, do your hair and smile."

"But husband!" she cried, "how can you ask this? You are ill and I respect you."

"If you respect me, do as I say. And hurry. The Angel of Death will be here in a minute. If he sees you dressed like a peacock in all your finery he may leave me and take you instead."

Too late. With a chuckle, Mullah Nasr-ed-din expired.

Ah, 'tis bitter gall that the mullah could not live to enjoy the epochal night of the ayatollahs. But perhaps, wherever he is, the mullah sees and knows and is chuckling today. R I P. □

COXE

(Continued from page 536)

Even the natives are getting restless. The Eskimos and Indians in the Far North have recently held a plebiscite about splitting the territory, and they threaten to hold up development of the rich Beaufort Sea oil deposits unless their land claims (which are for areas the size of the Louisiana Purchase) are settled favorably.

Mr. Trudeau long ago dedicated himself to creating a strong central government dominated by Quebec and Ontario. Because of his confidence that such a government will give adequate protection to French language and cultural rights, he is the first major French-Canadian leader to dedicate himself to weakening the protections against federal intrusion into Quebec affairs. The new Constitution includes language-rights provisions which probably make Quebec's new French-language legislation illegal. That crucial issue will also be settled by the Supreme Court, and a decision against the laws passed by the Parti Québecois would be a godsend to the separatists.

Thanks to Pierre Trudeau's single-mindedness, Canada now has its own Constitution, which should indeed be a major step in nation-building. Instead, it may engender the opposite results. The week the Constitution was proclaimed, signaling the completion of Mr. Trudeau's heroic efforts, a Gallup Poll showed national support for his party at its lowest ebb in years. To judge by that poll, the Liberals would be annihilated if an election were held today.

As he stood beside the Queen at the proclamation ceremony, Mr. Trudeau spoke of the urge felt across Canada to participate in the "Canadian adventure." Astute politician that he is, he knew well that more Canadians than ever lack a sense of national commitment, whether to an adventure or a continuation of the quiet backwater. And even that majority which still believes in the excitement of the adventure is no longer convinced he should be the hero. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 577)

sexual, artistic, and cultural. The "garden" she fled was her childhood, her family, her country. It is also possible to read history into these lines without straining credulity. Here was England two years after World War I had begun. The Edwardian order was dying, and the cultured gardens of the landed aristocracy (of D. H. Lawrence's Lord Chatterley) were overturned by a world war and a poaching middle class. Similarly, the arts were moving toward new forms, seeking a new beauty (one recalls Yeats: *"A terrible beauty is born"*). And H.D. was eternally concerned with new forms in art. Indeed, the ability to read these lines on several levels simultaneously reflects H.D.'s technique of palimpsest, one of her favorite images. Also, the language is disarmingly simple, the poetic line is broken and untraditional, and the imagery of nature is used to conceal—and to reveal—the poet's passion (in later life, H.D. used Greek myth, as well as nature, as a metaphor for her passions). In this biography of H.D., Janice Robinson has interpreted her work in terms of her life, through a close, well-documented, though at times pedantic, reading of her poetry, fiction, and letters. And it is all here: H.D.'s engagement to and lifelong friendship with Ezra Pound, who christened her H.D.; the growth of the Imagist movement; her failed marriage with the writer Richard Aldington; her years with D. H. Lawrence; her treatment by Sigmund Freud; her later relationship with Winifred Ellerman (known as Bryher). Any future biography will have to draw on Mrs. Robinson's research and devoted explications of the intricate entanglements in H.D.'s life, reflected in her work. But, thank goodness, despite Mrs. Robinson's elaborate documentation, the magic, the ambition, and the sheer courage of this amazing poetic gardener from suburban Philadelphia, who preferred to be known as H.D. (never explain anything, even your name, said the Imagists), still remain a mystery, beautiful and wind-tortured.

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Scholars or Flacks?

JOHN P. ROCHE

Boston—As one who has constantly urged that the United States should go on the ideological offensive, I have had my problems with the United States Information Agency, alias the United States International Communication Agency (USICA). The real problem with USIA-USICA has been lack of dynamism of any political persuasion.

To put it in a different context, I have almost thrown an ashtray at our TV screen to silence some odious political prophet. In contrast, the Voice of America is a sure cure for insomnia. If you listen carefully, you can almost hear the bureaucratic calibrations: "two minutes twenty for Ted Kennedy; now prepare a two-twenty clip of John Tower." Switch to Radio Albania, where you can learn how Mao sold out Lenin and Stalin!

In short, the difficulties with USICA and the Voice arise from blandness. The solution is not to gather a group of anti-Communist tigers and unleash them on the airwaves, or on the USICA missions in other countries, but to eliminate the blah. This means encouraging controversy, not reaching for the Valium whenever some Moral Majoritarian or yahoo liberal starts to scream.

USICA's woes increased when the former State Department Cultural Affairs division was moved into its jurisdiction. CU—as it was called—was always an orphan at State, but it was a good spot to house bureaucratic misfits.

The main task assigned to CU, now inherited by USICA, was to provide American speakers for foreign audiences. If, for example, I was scheduled to go to France on a Fulbright to teach, the program officers at CU might try to arrange speeches for me en route, or in France. Occasionally they might sponsor a tour, but because of funding problems they tended to try for two-horse parlays.

Thus in the summer of 1959, when I was teaching at the Institute of Legal Studies in Nice, I gave three or four talks to groups like the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary, and a democratic trade-union outfit. The topics varied from "Life in the United States" to (for the Force Ouvriere unionists) "The Communists in the American Trade-Union Movement."

It was perfectly clear, despite the auspices, that I was presenting my own views. Indeed, I always began by noting that as a scholar I did not believe truth to be a geographical commodity, that I would talk to them in the same terms employed at home. This set the cables flowing on several occasions.

There are those who say that no one should criticize his country while abroad. I feel you should simply be yourself. By now faithful readers will be anticipating the démarche: it came when I got into a rough verbal duel with some Communist hecklers about civil rights. I admitted freely that the American treatment of minorities had been appalling, but noted that a number of Americans had dedicated themselves to ending the outrage and were on the road to success.

Some comrade started laying it to me about the role of "American fascists." I came right back, saying I didn't know much about fascists, but perhaps I could learn from the French Communists who had worked with the Nazis during the Nazi-Soviet Pact. They were ideally qualified mentors.

There was a caustic cheer, the session ended, and I went home feeling good. Next morning it hit the local papers and a day later our embassy in Paris was going like popcorn. Down came an emissary to "get the facts." That was easy: the French Commies had in fact asked the Nazi Military Government for permission to publish their daily, *l'Humanité*, in 1940 on the ground that they shared a common goal with the Germans.

THOSE were not "the facts" the emissary wanted: he wanted to know how I had gotten involved in controversy! This was comparable to asking Winnie the Pooh how he got mixed up with a honeycomb. In any event, I was sternly warned to avoid dragging the good name of the U.S. into the papers.

However, in Rome in 1965 I felt redeemed: I had been asked by the Bank of Rome, with CU sponsorship, to talk about civil rights in the United States. I put it on the table "with the bark on," as they say in Texas. It is a pretty rough history, but I emphasized the incredible transformation that was then taking place with passage of the Civil Rights Act, and the commitment made by both political parties to ending abuses.

In the question period an elderly man in evening dress rose in tears and began an emotional speech. His Italian was too fast for me, but the interpreter told me he was a Socialist marquis who said he was overcome by the fact that the United States was such a great power that it would sponsor a critical presentation. The Marquis looked forward to the day when Italy would have the self-confidence and courage to emulate this honorable act. I hope somebody put that in a cable: it brings me to my final point.

The Reagan troops at USICA, with their customary finesse, have said they will bar sponsorship of critics on such assignments. They should rethink that Madison Avenue decision—one reason the U.S. is the envy of the world is precisely its commitment to "controversy." □

MEDITATIONS ON MAPS

Paget, Bermuda—Given the current preoccupation with the question of who really had title to the Falkland Islands in the seventeenth century, I have been trying to choose the villa here in Bermuda that I can sequester when the terms of the Franco-American Treaty of February 6, 1778 are finally enforced. Bermuda was supposed to be included in the American loot, but unfortunately Benjamin Franklin detested insularity and the matter was dropped from the peace negotiations.

However, Bermuda is an ideal place to meditate on the usefulness of maps and the role that geography must play in making key decisions. As the presence of both U.S. Orions and British Nimrods at the airfield indicates, Bermuda is an anti-submarine-warfare asset of the first magnitude. Day and night those planes full of sophisticated gear go on the prowl, as they do from Keflavik in Iceland, Lajes in the Azores, and other dots on the map.

When I came through Bermuda customs lugging a huge atlas, the agents made a particular point of verifying our hotel reservation and return tickets. They were unperturbed by kids carrying hi-fi sets the size of Claymore mines, but this guy with the big book . . . maybe he's cuckoo? As you know, they were right: I am cuckoo about maps and similar trivia that make the difference between success and failure

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in military enterprises such as the present Falklands expedition.

Take the issue raised here from time to time about the extent to which the Soviet SS-20 mobile missile has totally erased the already dubious distinction between strategic and tactical nuclear weapons systems. With over three hundred of these lethal monsters in place—two hundred to 250 targeted on the West, with the remainder in Siberia—the Soviet leaders have blandly called for a freeze on NATO deployment of 572 Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe.

Brezhnev did this, to paraphrase Mark Twain, with the open benevolence of a Christian in a poker game, holding four aces. And, lo, the masses in Europe, and the permanent floating rads in the United States, did appear chanting: "Freeze! Freeze! Freeze!" When I pointed out that SS-20s in eastern Siberia could hit a whole arc of targets from Hawaii to Chicago, I was informed my figures were cooked: the SS-20's range was a maximum of 4,000 miles.

I am getting a bit bored by the accusation that I have a perverse interest in radioactivating the universe, but for those readers interested in facts let's take a brief timeout for technicalities. First, everybody's basic source for weapons capability is the annual *Military Balance*, published in London by the International Institute for Strategic Studies (IISS).

If you take a fast look at the IISS's specs for the SS-20—as a number of writers on the subject seem to have done—you see the range of the latest model as 4,000 miles, or 7,400 kilometers. If you think in kilometers, you have no problem, but those who think in miles neglect footnote a) which indicates that nautical miles (NM) are utilized.

A NAUTICAL mile, or "knot," is about one and one-sixth statute miles. The 4,000 NM thus emerge as 4,600 statute miles. But, for the benefit of the chorus of amateur critics, if we use what is called a "rhumb line," which compensates for the fact that Mercator convinced us the world is flat, the distance between Markovo in Siberia and Chicago on a polar projection is 3,975 *statute miles*, still under the 4,000 figure I used.

There is no reason for the average citizen to spend time meditating on geography, but as I sit here in the sun defrosting my brain, I am becoming more and more convinced that Her Majesty's Government in London—in wholly justified fury—assumed the Falklands were Bermuda and launched the punitive expedition on that premise. Two-thirds of the British navy is heading into the South Atlantic without a supply base.

There is a rock there called Ascension, which we developed as an Air Transport Command ferry stop in World War II, that is currently pretending to be the logistical foundation for the fleet. It is 4,300 statute miles (3,730 NM) from the Falklands. Once the fleet gets in position, air supply is frivolous, and it would take a supply ship running at twenty knots in some of the nastiest weather in the world about a week to close from Ascension.

Did anybody at the Admiralty think of little matters like this? Or did they assume that the news the fleet was on its way to avenge British honor would bring that gang of thugs that runs Argentina praying for absolution? Let's hope it works out for the British. But let us also hope that somewhere in the Pentagon there is a group of professionals looking at maps and planning a possible rescue mission. □

AN OMINOUS WEEK

Boston—What a heartbreaker. The white hats held a free election in El Salvador and the black hats won. Another sad proof of the error the Administration made in focusing so intensely on El Salvador. Probably by this time three wonky articles are off to press on how the United States got what it really wanted, a government of right-wing butchers.

While Ambassador Hinton was passing out cheery news, it will be claimed, the CIA, the United Fruit Co., and maybe the Trilateral Commission were clandestinely plotting fascism. The reason there was such a huge turnout at the polls was that the voters were forced to participate. Indeed the characters shooting at them along the roads were not beastly Marxist-Leninists trying to deter them from their democratic duty, but the army spurring them on. Enough fantasy, but do watch for it. The truth of the matter is we were sandbagged by the democratic process.

Leaving the question, "Why did it happen?" to the historians, let us turn to the nub of the matter: what should we do? A quarter of a century ago when I half-believed the world was made of Play-Doh, I might have advocated that we sponsor a democratic coup and install the white hats in San Salvador.

Since then I have picked up a number of scars and a heavy dose of humility about the malleability of mankind. Plus a pragmatic conviction that we are incapable of running puppet regimes. At close range I watched the Vietnamese "puppets" play their American "masters" like trout, and the late Shah of Iran clearly looked on us as a drunk to be rolled: he invented OPEC!

In other words, as much as I would like to see the United States guide the Central Americans in the ways of tolerance and civil liberty, I doubt if we are up to the task. It was Simón Bolívar, not some supercilious Norteamericano, who in 1830 observed that "[Latin] America is ungovernable; whosoever works for a revolution is plowing the sea; the most sensible action to take . . . is to emigrate; [Latin America] will ineluctably fall into the hands of a mob gone wild, later again to fall under the domination of obscure small tyrants of every color and race."

Bolívar knew his customers rather better than Al Haig does. Perhaps it is now in order for the United States to take a vacation from El Salvador and let the locals shake things down. This may sound un-American, but there are times when the only item on the shelf worth buying is time. And, to repeat an earlier message, the Mexicans seem ideally qualified to play big brother. Let them go to point.

There will be blood in the streets, and my gut is wrenched by the suffering of the innocent. But there comes a time in the life of a community when it has to accept the appalling fact that it cannot save the world. Theoretically we could send a couple of million troops into the area and disarm the citizenry down to fists and knees, but to note the possibility is a mark of otherworldliness.

BESIDES, there is a potential explosion in the area that could turn everything upside down. The Argentine seizure of the Falkland Islands, alias the Malvinas, is more than just a parochial caper. One's initial reaction to the news was hilarious disbelief, particularly when the British announced they were sending a nuclear attack sub to the rescue. But the Falklands are not the only area in dispute between Britain and a Latin American nation.

The other is Belize, newly independent British Honduras, which the Guatemalans claim was stolen from them. Guatemala has threatened to liberate Belize on several occasions, leading London to station a small crack force there. Whichever military junta is in power in Guatemala this week is out to get Belize. For one thing, it is considered a sanctuary for Guatemalan rebels and a source of military equipment from Cuba. Suppose the Guatemalans decide to emulate Argentina? What should we do?

The British and their Belizan friends wouldn't have a chance, any more than the 45 Royal Marines in the Falklands could fend off five thousand Argentine troops. Technically Belize, like the Falklands, is not a NATO parish: it is (just) below the Tropic of Cancer.

But if our British allies asked to use American facilities in the Caribbean for a counterattack, or asked us to help out, what would that do to all our Central American scenarios? Recall that in the UN Security Council Panama was the sole supporter of Argentina. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Untangling the Jobless Figures

On The Right

New York, April 23—It becomes necessary to open all statements on the general subject of unemployment by professing one's disapproval/dislike/hatred of same, and this I do with good conscience, even while resenting the psychological intimidation. At that, it is a step more relaxed than a discussion of the atom bomb, which requires a recreation of the horrors of Hiroshima before you get into the subject. So let us say, to keep the record straight, that if one human being who desires employment cannot find it, then that datum is to be deplored.

But having said this, one needs perspective. Suppose that tomorrow, ten million Americans who traditionally did not work—let us say they had been retired, or were raising large families, or were younger than the normal age at which work is undertaken—put themselves on the job market. What then would happen to the unemployment figures?

In my college days, there was in the Yale Department of Economics, presumably because his presence hadn't been detected, a conservative. He believed in the gold standard. A student was questioning him, ending the interrogatory by asking: "What if every American who owned dollars went tomorrow to a bank demanding gold instead?"

Professor Saxon answered: "Look. The transportation facilities between San Francisco and Los Angeles are by everyone's reckoning entirely satisfactory. But if, tomorrow, everyone in Los Angeles decided he wanted to go to San Francisco, a system otherwise accepted as adequate would prove grossly inadequate."

CONSIDER trends in America. In 1947, 28 per cent of American women (of working age) worked. In 1979, that percentage had risen to 42. The year 1979 is otherwise interesting in that it was the year in which the highest percentage of working-age Americans had jobs (59 per cent). If absolutely everyone who desired a job had had a job, then the figure would have risen to about 63 per cent. I.e., 6 per cent were unemployed.

Now it is widely known that for March we are said to have reached the highest unemployment figures since World War II. If one stares at just that sole statistic, one would become as gloomy as Lane Kirkland; or if that is unbearable, just plain gloomy.

But what actually happened in March?

To begin with, 57 per cent of all working-age Americans were at work. Since this shows only a 3.4 per cent decrease in employment over the peak year of 1979, whereas the unemployment percentage rose from 6 per cent to 9 per cent, we see that the scary part of the relative figures resulted from more Americans wanting to work than ever before.

And then get this: The Bureau of Labor Statistics reveals that in March unemployment had increased by 280,000. But the number of employed had declined by only one hundred thousand.

IF YOU probe the figures, you discover that the number of unemployed in March was actually 88,000 less than in February, not 280,000 more; and the number of employed was 525,000 more, not 100,000 less.

One asks: How can the Bureau acknowledge an actual increase of more than half a million in employed, and a reduction of 88,000 in unemployed, and report that as: 100,000 (the actual figure was 98,000) fewer employed, 280,000 more unemployed?

The answer is that the Bureau uses the past five years for purposes of projecting the unemployment statistics they issue. Using that five-year trend, they predict how many Americans will be employed at a given time. They had predicted the increase in employment would be 623,000. Since it came to only 525,000, they reported a 98,000 shortfall. By the same token, their prediction for unemployed was a reduction of 367,000. When that decrease turned up at only 88,000, they labeled this an increase in unemployment of two hundred eighty thousand.

In fact: Unemployment in February stood at 10,378,000. In March, the figure declined to 10,290,000. But the official unemployment figures are that they are up from 8.8 per cent to 9 per cent. If you are confused, you should not be self-conscious about it. It happens to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. □

BLACK MISCHIEF *New York*, April 28—The question of black support of the Republican Party is vexing the pols. What should vex everyone is the matter of intelligent support for intelligent reasoning. I think racism is on the run, thank God. But a kind of benign racism is running rampant. It holds, when you come down to it, that black voters can't think.

Consider. Cited as the two most conspicuous affronts by the Reagan Administration against blacks are the Voting Rights Act extension, and the question of tax exemptions for educational institutions that discriminate in some way against blacks.

"The Voting Rights Act," an anonymous Republican official is quoted as having said to Mr. Adam Clymer of the *New York Times*, "has been a successful piece of legislation. Why get into such a sophisticated argument that in the end you end up alienating a significant part and a growing proportion of our population?"

If I understand this anonymous Republican, he is counseling the Reagan Administration not to do anything sophisticated which, if it were dealt with without reference to its sophistication, would avoid antagonizing a (putatively) thoughtless minority. I don't know about antagonizing the blacks, but here is one white who would be permanently antagonized by a political party that disdained to reason with the requisite sophistication.

Now in the first place, the dispute over the Voting Rights Act isn't a dispute that can only be held in philosophical quarterlies. If the following two sentences are impossible for the reader to understand, he should not make it a point to vote, but to refrain from voting.

Proposition One: In some areas, discrimination against minority voting activates, and should continue to activate, federal intervention to secure minority rights.

Proposition Two: If the voters in a given area do not roughly represent the ethnic distribution in that area, then it shall be presumed that the minority are being prevented from voting and federal intervention shall be activated.

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Right-thinking people will say yes to the first proposition, no to the second. Why? Because it is incorrect to infer prejudice from the incidence of minority representation. Because 25 per cent of undergraduates at Harvard are Jewish but only 6 per cent of Americans are Jewish is just not enough to argue that Harvard engages in racial discrimination. There really isn't any more that needs to be said on the subject.

Concerning tax-deductibility, the arguments are not really any more elusive. The IRS has traditionally extended tax exemption to "charitable, religious, or educational institutions." The new offensive suggests that such institutions as receive tax exemptions must not reflect views different from those that are accepted public policy. Bob Jones University interprets the Bible as enjoining against cross-racial marriage. I think that's silly, but if everything I thought silly suddenly found itself under legal sanction, freedom in America would be stillborn. The American Civil Liberties Union, which can't help occasionally doing the right thing, is arguing the case in behalf of Bob Jones. I suppose there are some people who believe that by doing so the ACLU is betraying its racism.

The fact of the matter is that black Americans approve of the Republican Party by—only 7 per cent (although 11 per cent voted for Mr. Reagan). Why is this so lopsided? Well, in large part because so many black leaders can't emancipate themselves from the coils of primitive socialist rhetoric. Carl Rowan writes as though the whole of American society has only the purpose of making him unhappy. It does not occur to him how fortunate he is that he is so unpersuasive on this point. Black leaders need to step forward and say what cuts through all this seaweed, namely: What's good for white people is good for black people, and vice versa—and it helps to escape racial stereotypes for blacks to turn to the Republican Party for the same reason non-blacks do. □

PRISON REFORM

New York, April 30—Charles Colson, arguably the most exuberant sinner during the whole Watergate business, may have a difficult time outliving his reputation as a man who said he would walk over his grandmother to help Richard Nixon. That's the trouble with a nice aphorism, particularly if it's a little iconoclastic. Poor General Sherman is remembered not for his military brilliance, but only for his eponymous contribution to politics. As in a "Shermanesque refusal." The point is Charles Colson has already done much

more important things than ever he did to help destroy the Nixon Administration. He has founded something called the Prison Fellowship; it has a staff of one hundred people, and it could just possibly be the agent of the most important prison reforms of the century.

Some time in August of 1973, Charles Colson experienced Christianity. One is drawn to his matter-of-fact documentation of this datum, which (although he is certainly willing to expand on the impact of Christianity on him) he treats as a datum, pure and simple. As in: Date of birth . . . date of graduation from college . . . date of marriage . . . date of Christianization . . .

Asked whether he would be living the life he lives except that he is animated by Christianity, he will tell you that no, he would not spend his days in prisons, conducting seminars, evangelizing, agitating for reform—except that he is driven by a concern to please God. But he concedes that the specific reforms he favors can be argued for using an exclusively secular vocabulary. Colson is much influenced by Yochelson and Samenow's masterwork, *The Criminal Personality*, in which Samenow (a practicing Jew) concludes that criminals are for the most part criminals because it is their nature, and that in order to change they need to expose themselves to "deliberate conversion . . . to a more responsible lifestyle." This is as a matter of fact best accomplished by a religious conversion; but Colson is prepared to admit that the hypothetical possibility exists that criminals can change their appetite for crime by experiencing a transformation outside of any religious orthodoxy.

That much having been disposed of, Colson explains his ministry, which is one part devoted to persuading criminals to believe in Christ; the other, to persuading the American public for God's sake to listen to reason. To wit:

—The prison population is expanding 15 times as fast as the national population. And this notwithstanding that only two out of one hundred agents of crime are apprehended, convicted, and put away.

—The prisons are bursting at the seams, with over 200,000 more criminals inhabiting them than they were designed for: resulting in a gruesome intensification of the awful experience of prison, and a resulting increase in recidivist crime.

—The annual cost of keeping someone in prison is about twice the cost of keeping a student at Harvard University.

—An interesting statistical coincidence: About 53 per cent of men behind bars are there for having committed a crime which did not involve violence, or cause physical danger. Meanwhile, 53 per cent of Americans report that they are afraid to walk one mile from their residence after dark. To some extent, then, it can be said that half of America is imprisoned by virtue of the impulses of half the criminal population.

What does this all add up to?

Not, Colson insists, more prisons; though that is the $3-billion direction federal and local governments are heading toward. We should empty the prisons by one-half, Colson says, 1) for the sake of dangerous criminals (the horror of their living conditions is mitigated, making less likely the stimulation of their bestial instincts); 2) for the sake of non-dangerous criminals (they are costing society $20,000 per year in upkeep, and depriving society of the use of their talents); and 3) for the sake of the public, which stands to gain by a lessened tax load, and by a likelier reintegration into society of non-dangerous felons.

THE ACCENT of Charles Colson is on how usefully to deal with criminals who are non-dangerous, in the physical sense of the word. A companion in Colson's own penitentiary, for instance, had served as chairman of the board of trustees of the American Medical Association, got involved in an embezzlement, and was spending three years in jail. Why not—instead—sentence that man to three years of free medical service for the needy? Why not the same for lawyers? Or carpenters? Or, indeed, anyone: giving them access, at night, to their families, who are innocent victims of existing patterns of penology.

It is strange that in an age when one is encouraged to think radically, so little radical thought is given to the subject of prison reform. Colson's crusade is profoundly conceived, existentially appealing, splendid in ambition. We are already in his debt for the Prison Fellowship. The whole country would be indebted to him if his reforms were effected. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Musical-comedy performers — 156 206 22 63 152 163 29 44 170 188 / 15

B. The kind of performance a traveling theatrical company puts on in a small town — 171 58 135 90 76 186 192 197 208 10 / 33 101 131

C. Short items on a court's docket — 37 8 27 103 2 187 212 16 114 132

D. Innocent people who may get hurt — 68 118 127 32 149 120 104 107 204 85

E. The lawyer's favorite girlfriend — 77 141 155 162 211 95 39 193

F. Incision of a vein — 166 26 123 130 151 23 159 109 172 43

G. A respiratory stimulant — 175 87 174 57 176 82 113 9 144

H. An Egyptian king who reigned c. 1411-1375 B.C. — 20 108 121 4 134 195 30 139 6 25 / 42 94 105 142 48 154 168

I. Gave in (fol. by down) — 35 46 70 191 89 117 7 24

J. Arrest or restraint of a process — 1 110 148 179 93 100 153 116 119 128

K. Hawkeye State city where washing machines are manufactured — 13 143 41 173 207 146 184 38 62 50

L. The German word for health — 21 102 150 17 138 202 106 111 64 71

M. Leaving out — 52 200 84 65 75 96 178 59

N. Does brain food come from this? — 196 210 194 73 79 199 67 97

O. An American capital — 31 40 49 74 78 3

P. A quirk — 209 98 164 189 34 14 36 183 11 47 / 112

Q. A town in McMinn County, Tenn. — 66 181 12 83 125 198

R. The science of the deformation and flow of matter — 115 19 182 61 213 145 51 140

S. What Holmes's game was, even when the Yard was playing — 122 169 53 69 72

T. Pulled by another vehicle — 133 88 92 157 54

U. A type of baseball pitch — 177 205 99 56 91 137 81

V. A town in Latah County, Idaho — 201 185 80 124 165 161

W. Irritating — 28 129 55 60 160 167 180 5 136 147

X. Causing a stink — 45 190 203 158 18 86 126

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 580 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

								1 J	2 C		3 O	4 H		5 W	6 H	7 J	8 C	9 G	10 B
11 P	12 Q	13 K		14 P	15 A		16 C	17 L	18 X	19 R		20 H		21 L	22 A	23 F	24 I		25 H
26 F	27 C	28 W	29 A		30 H	31 O		32 D	33 B	34 P	35 I		36 P	37 C	38 K	39 E	40 O		41 K
42 H	43 F		44 A	45 X	46 I	47 P		48 H	49 O		50 K		51 R	52 M	53 S	54 T		55 W	56 U
57 G	58 B	59 N		60 W	61 R		62 K	63 A	64 L	65 M	66 Q		67 N	68 D	69 S	70 I	71 L		72 S
73 N	74 O	75 M		76 B	77 E		78 O	79 N	80 V	81 U		82 G		83 Q	84 M	85 D	86 X		87 G
88 T		89 I	90 B	91 U	92 T		93 J	94 H	95 E	96 M	97 N	98 P	99 U		100J		101B	102L	103C
104D		105H	106L	107D		108H	109F	110J	111L	112P		113G	114C	115R	116J	117I	118D		119J
120D	121H		122S	123F	124V	125Q	126X	127D		128J	129W	130F	131B	132C		133T	134H	135B	
136W	137U	138L	139H	140R		141E	142H	143K	144G		145R	146K	147W		148J	149D	150L		151F
152A	153J		154H	155E	156A	157T	158X	159F	160W	161V		162E	163A	164P	165V	166F	167W	168H	
169S	170A	171B	172F		173K	174G	175G		176G	177U	178M	179J	180W	181Q	182R	183P	184K	185V	186B
	187C	188A	189P	190X	191I	192B	193E	194N		195H	196N		197B	198Q	199N		200M	201V	202L
203X	204D	205U		206A	207K	208B	209P	210N	211E	212C	213R								

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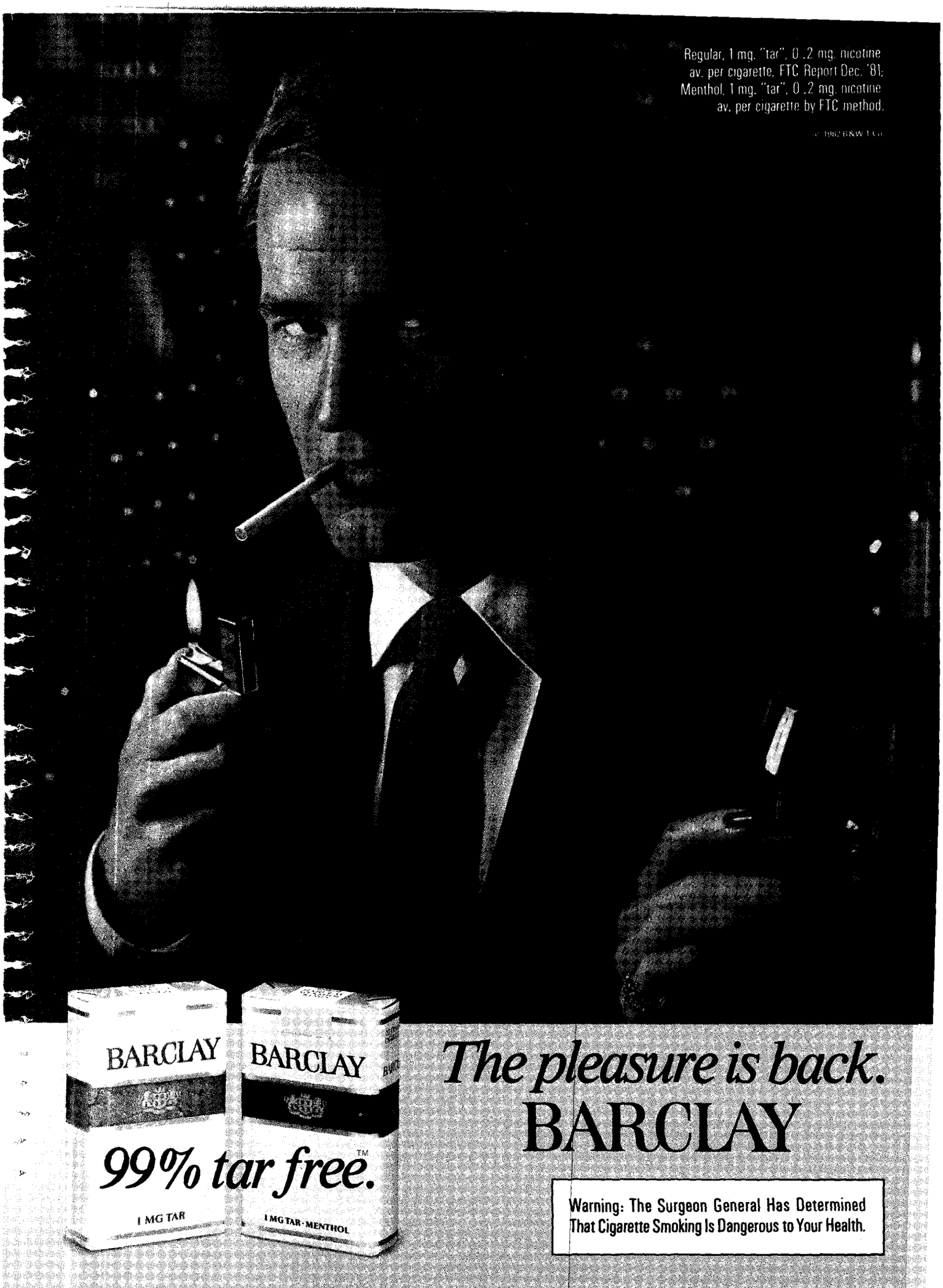

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0 .2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81; Menthol, 1 mg. "tar", 0 .2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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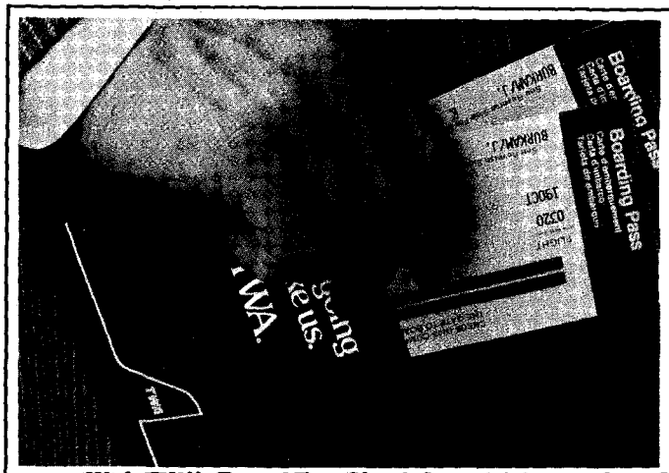

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